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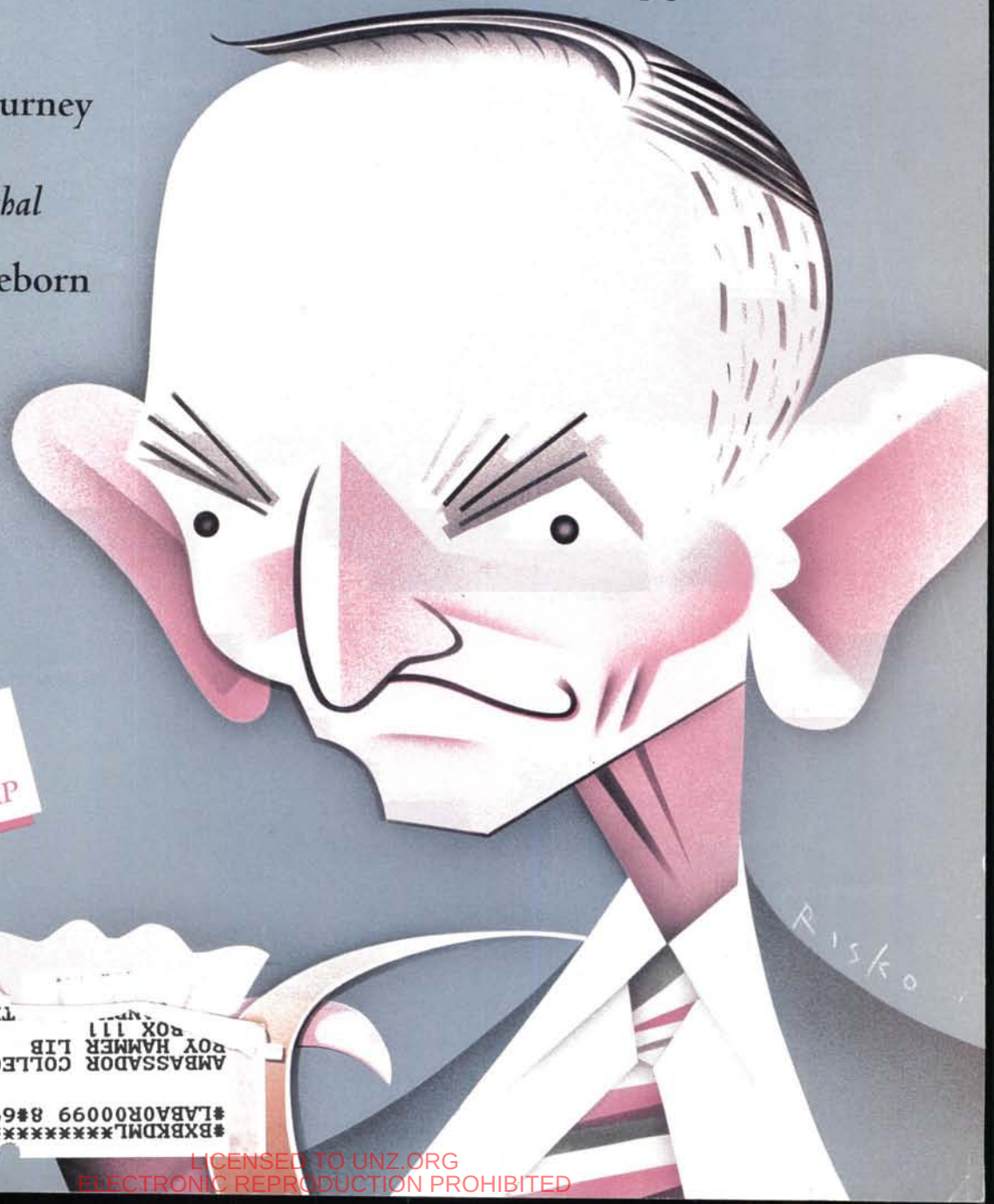
The Spoiler
by Fred Barnes

The Tempter
by The Editors

THE EAST-WEST STORY OF ISAMU NOGUCHI BY HERBERT MUSCHAMP



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THE NEW REPUBLIC

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JUNE 15, 1992

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CORRESPONDENCE

The mob

To the editors:

Your May 18 cover illustration, with its title "The Science Mob," is an undeserved smear on the scientific profession, and actually has little connection with the article inside (by Philip J. Hilts). The cover depicts a sleazy, menacing group complete with dripping hypodermic, dead mouse, and idiot muscle man assistant. It would be more appropriate for the cover of a comic book than of your "respectable" journal of opinion. The great exposé inside turns out to be almost completely about one case—the widely publicized Baltimore case, which has been hashed and rehashed in the press over the past few years. Hilts writes: "Stories of scientific misconduct are no longer an aberration." Yet in addition to the Baltimore story he mentions only two cases—the Darsee case and the Breuning case (Gallo was recently completely exonerated). In a profession of 1 million scientists, do these—plus a vague, completely undocumented charge ("It is impossible to say how many other [cases] remain under wraps ... ")—constitute proof of widespread misconduct?

MILTON FARBER
Cheshire, Connecticut

To the editors:

Philip J. Hilts's otherwise excellent story on the Baltimore case was let down by his banal conclusion that "those scientists are all too human." Perhaps this is a sufficient explanation for Dr. Imanishi-Kari's original act of fraud; she simply wanted to get ahead quickly. But the rest of the case demonstrates some serious structural problems in the current scientific and academic establishment: interlocking directorates of universities, research labs, granting foundations; word-of-mouth communications within an old boy network of researchers; reputations that have become self-sustaining.

Most disturbing is the strong probability that Baltimore did not really read a paper that he supposedly co-authored. Other cases, such as the Darsee one, show that this may be a widespread habit. Nor did some of the initial investigators read the evidence carefully, if at all. How on earth is the profession to be "self-correcting" if its senior members will not bother themselves about the contents of journal articles?

RICHARD D. HORN
Princeton, New Jersey

Drawing lines

To the editors:

Elizabeth Fox-Genovese is right that both sides of the polarized abortion debate need to focus more clearly on the issue of when personhood begins ("Society's Child," May 18). She has little light to shed on personhood's onset, however, other than suggesting that, for body politic and "social context" reasons, it must begin "after a specific point in pregnancy, probably three to four months." No reasons are offered for any specific point.

I suggest that we use a later period, about the twenty-third week, and for two reasons. That is the earliest date of fetal viability. That is also about the earliest date a fetus can move a muscle voluntarily. Until about week 27, the average fetus lacks sufficient cortex-thalamus-brainstem connections to move a muscle. Without any voluntary movement, the fetus can't possibly have a will or a sense of a self—or a soul.

As a Christian, I believe that a person has a heart, a mind, and a soul, as well as a body (cf. the "greatest commandment," Matthew 22:37). I reject conception as the onset of personhood, because identical twins have the same genetic makeup, yet different hearts, minds, and souls.

I am comfortable with the idea that we have to draw the line somewhat arbitrarily—in the dark, as it were—because the favorite psalm of the pro-lifers, Psalm 139, compares the womb to darkness (line 12) and to the "lowest parts of the earth" (line 15; the same Hebrew phrase in Ezekiel 31 and 32 refers to the underworld, Sheol). Also, the poetic parallelism in Psalm 58:8 of a "snail melting away" with a miscarried or aborted fetus and in Job 3:16 of an "infant" with a miscarried or aborted fetus suggests that the Bible itself is open to line-drawing somewhere between conception and birth.

MARK B. PETERSON
Charlottesville, Virginia

To the editors:

Your editorial on *Roe* v. *Wade* ("Dump 'Roe,'" May 18) suggesting a federal law prohibiting states from allowing their agents to interfere in the matter of abortion missed one thing. The preamble to such a law should formally state that this is an area in which no government (acting as it must through human agents) is competent to make a correct decision. The attempt by many churchmen to inscribe what they believe to be their doctrines into secular law is dangerous to the churches. The First Amendment was written not to crush religion, but to protect against its most dangerous opponent—an official religion. Once the churches allow the nose of this particular camel into the tent, it will be impossible to keep the body out.

Elizabeth Fox-Genovese's review of Roger Rosenblatt's *Life Itself: Abortion in the American Mind* amply illustrates this danger. "Sanctity" (as in "society endows human life with sanctity") is a religious term and comes only from individual effort. She makes too quick a shift from the social support given to pregnant women to the right of the providers of that support to have a role in a decision about abortion. It may well be true; but who are the agents who can make the decision? Certainly not the group we saw on television during the Clarence Thomas hearings. We are all afflicted with the human condition and must recognize that some decisions can be made only by individuals. Our society—just like its political form, the government structure—is but the aggregate of such individual decisions. There may be mistaken decisions. But the freedom to be "mistaken" is all that protects us from the chaos of imposed "morality."

GABRIEL AUSTIN
New York, New York

When in Rome...

To the editors:

Yuppies who play at being homeless ("Instant Empathy" by Daniel Radosh May 18) may not realize that they are reviving an ancient practice. Long before Marie Antoinette became a make-believe shepherdess, wealthy citizens of ancient Rome sometimes played at being paupers. Seneca writes of "the men who once every month pretended that they were poor, bringing themselves face to face with want." Rich men sometimes had a "poor man's room" fitted out for the purpose.

Unlike today's yuppies, the Roman plutocrats were not trying to build empathy with the poor. Often the "poor man's room" was merely something "to which the extravagance of wealth resorts to amuse away its tedium." In other cases, the aim of the rich men was "to prevent their ever being terrified by a situation which they had frequently rehearsed." In view of the fate that has befallen some Wall Street operators, that kind of rehearsal may not be a bad idea.

RONALD W. ANGEL
Bellevue, Washington

Child care

To the editors:

Among the snide and factually selective descriptions of various congressional

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measures James Bovard deems to be protectionist ("Fair Trade Follies," May 11), he includes my legislation to ban imports of goods made by children under the age of 14. He says that while I am concerned about children working overseas, I am not doing anything to fight abusive and dangerous exploitation of young workers here at home. Your readers should know that more careful research by Bovard would have informed him that, along with Representative Charles Schumer of New York and Representative Tom Lantos of California, I am in fact one of the leading advocates for tougher child labor standards in the United States and more effective enforcement of them (H.R. 2076, introduced in April 1991).

DON J. PEASE
Washington, D.C.

The writer is a U.S. representative from Ohio.

Last laugh

To the editors:

David Segal makes some valid points arguing that offensive humor can sometimes defuse social tensions ("Excuuuse Me," May 11). However, his argument is weakened by a failure to distinguish between comedy that relies on stereotypes while undermining the hostility stereotypes normally fuel, and outright "hate humor" that aims to reinforce these very antagonisms.

The former is often used by comedians to poke fun at members of their own "kind," e.g., Jewish mother jokes, "In Living Color"'s riffs on homeboys, or Scott Thompson (the openly gay member of the troupe Kids in the Hall) demonstrating the sarcastic wit of a somewhat effeminate gay bar denizen.

Would Lenny Bruce's offensive epithets have worked if it hadn't been crystal clear that, as a Jew, he too was a likely victim of bigotry? In contrast, consider the late comedian Sam Kinison's description of how "fags" brought about AIDS, from his album *Have You Seen Me Lately*: "These fucking bastards ... fuck some monkeys—they got so bored because their own assholes weren't enough ... and bring us back the black plague of the fucking '80s.... Thanks guys, because of this shit they want us to wear fucking rubbers ... these pricks."

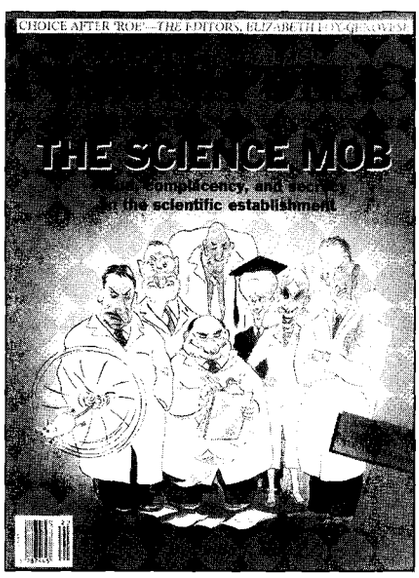
Segal would have a hard time convincing me that teenage boys, listening to Kinison, aren't finding encouragement for a gay-bashing spree. Humor employed to whip up hate should rightly be condemned.

STEPHEN H. MILLER
New York, New York

The writer is co-chair of the media committee of the Gay & Lesbian Alliance Against Defamation.

To the editors:

Not long ago a p.c. friend accused me of "stereotyping" and "racism." I had admitted to roaring as a child at Leo Carillo's antics as the lovable, dim-witted "Pancho" on the old "Cisco Kid" TV show. Even though my friend conceded that Pancho was hilarious, he thought it was racist to laugh because I wasn't Latino. I grew up on a *blanc-de-blanc* 1950s Midwestern farm. Pancho and Duncan Reynaldo's smoothly heroic Cisco were about the only Hispanics I knew. It's a good thing I didn't tell my friend how hard I'd laughed at "Zorro"'s fat, foolish Sgt. Garcia and Bernardo, Zorro's resourceful, mute (mute!) comic-relief valet. I revered them all. Thanks to them, when my family moved to Arizona, I knew in my heart that my many Hispanic neighbors were fundamentally like me, however exotic they seemed.



GARRETT W. SIMPSON
Phoenix, Arizona

To the editors:

The last time I heard David Segal's whining lament was at the height of the women's movement—the one without the sense of humor. We were all in the kitchen, laughing, tears streaming down our faces, helpless, sliding down the frigidaire, howling about something some guy had done and how some guy felt left out and hurt and said we had no sense of humor. That's a fact.

KATE CLINTON
Provincetown, Massachusetts

Car-free

To the editors:

Yes, Fred Barnes, there are Americans who live happily without owning a car ("Me and My Cars," Washington Diarist, June 1). I, for one, save $5,000 a year in insurance, parking fees, maintenance, and loan payments. I have access to speedy, economical mass transit and rental cars at most hours of the day and night. The $5,000 saved goes toward my investment portfolio and annual vacation. I live blissfully unconcerned with traffic jams, the hunt for a parking space, or the danger of car theft. In selling my Honda Accord last summer, I made a meaningful contribution to clearing the air, reducing our trade deficit with Japan (mostly cars), and trimming our dangerous reliance on Middle East oil.

STEPHEN LANSET
Hoboken, New Jersey

Play it

To the editors:

One important correction should be made to Stanley Kauffmann's remarks on the reissue of *Casablanca* ("Out of the Past," May 4). A large amount of that taut, wry, quotable dialogue was not written by Julius J. Epstein, Philip G. Epstein, Howard Koch, or Hal Wallis, but by Murray Burnett and the late Joan Alison, authors of *Everybody Comes to Rick's*, the play on which the film was based.

How ironic that one of the most beloved films of all time was based on a play that no one even bothered to produce until forty-eight years after the film was made.

MARC RUSSELL
Los Angeles, California

Spell check

To the editors:

Who is Jim Holt ("Jerry's Kids," April 27)? Syd Straw and John S. Hall are rather well known in New York. Your "New York writer" may not have enjoyed their performance, but he ought to have at least spelled their names correctly.

KAL M. LINDENBERG
Jamaica, New York

To the editors:

In "Message: I Don't Care" (TRB, April 27), Michael Kinsley quotes the "Eisenhowerized version of the Gettysburg Address, composed by a reporter named Oliver Jenson." Oliver Jensen, who befittingly is a master of incisive prose, was editor in chief of the history magazine *American Heritage* for many years, including its glory days of the 1960s (before Malcolm Forbes got his hands on it). One of the things he insisted on, incidentally, was getting names right.

E. M. HALLIDAY
New York, New York

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TRB®

FROM WASHINGTON

Happy families

What Vice President Dan Quayle complacently mocks as "indulgence and self-gratification," the founders of this nation referred to as "the pursuit of happiness." They were for it. And they believed the government's job was to provide the conditions for that pursuit, not to dictate its terms.

Dan Quayle's own pursuit of happiness has been conventional and easy, though he seems to think he deserves a prize. For most others, the pursuit is a struggle. That sound you hear across the land is millions of hands slapping on foreheads as deserted wives, gays and lesbians, men and women (and children) trapped in miserable marriages, assorted misfits, and—yes—even some lonely middle-aged professional women who somehow never got married but want a baby anyway say, "Why didn't I think of that? I should just be a member of a happy two-parent family with a couple of normal, healthy kids. In fact, why not go all the way and inherit a newspaper fortune while I'm at it?"

The liberating social developments of the past few decades have surely had their down side, but to dismiss them all as a ghastly mistake is smug and cheap and stupid. The pill, easier divorce laws, gay rights, the increased toleration of single parenthood and other eccentric living arrangements—all these have undermined the traditional family. They also have offered paths to happiness for millions who would otherwise be trapped by the conventions that provide the plots of so many gloomy nineteenth-century novels. "Happy families are all alike, but each unhappy family is unhappy in its own way," wrote Tolstoy in *Anna Karenina.* Well, we've disinvented at least a few of those ways.

Is it self-indulgent and irresponsible for "Murphy Brown" to bring a child into the world without a father? (Even twenty years ago, "Mary Richards" couldn't have gotten away with it.) Yes, that child would be better off with two parents. But surely the child of an intelligent, loving, affluent, educated, mature single mother will have his pursuit of happiness greased at least as much as the average kid who is brought into this world. Unless you think kids shouldn't be brought into the world under less than perfect conditions—in which case there would be no kids—"Murphy Brown" has nothing to feel guilty about.

But "Murphy Brown" is a fictional character. Should her inventors feel guilty for a plotline that will influence poor, uneducated, immature women to have babies without fathers? Or, to put the guilt trip in its more general form, does "the turbulent legacy of the '60s and '70s" include a breakdown of traditional values that members of the middle class may have managed to survive but "the poor, with less to fall back on, did not"? (The words are from Quayle's speech; the point is a neocon bromide.)

It is hard to know which is more exaggerated: the notion that the problems of the ghetto can be explained "predominantly" (Quayle again) as "a poverty of values," or the notion that the poor values of the underclass trickled down from the counterculture. Let us concede a grain of truth to both points. But if you're looking for social forces that contribute to the breakdown of traditional values and the epidemic of self-indulgence, it's absurd to obsess about Woodstock.

Even conservative social critics have made the point that free market capitalism, in its constant stimulation and satisfaction of appetites, is the most powerful force eroding traditional values and social arrangements. The very decision to give Murphy Brown a fatherless baby was more a product of capitalist forces—the quest for ratings—than of any leftover '60s ideology.

As it happens, Bill Kristol, the vice presidential chief of staff, is the son of Irving Kristol, the prominent conservative social critic. Kristol the Younger bears approximately the same relationship to "Dan Quayle" that series creator Diane English bears to "Murphy Brown" (or, for that matter, that Candice Bergen's father, Edgar, bore to "Charlie McCarthy"). So "Quayle" must be familiar with the argument. And "Quayle" also lived through the Reaganite 1980s. In the search for cultural influences promoting self-indulgence and immediate gratification of appetites, that decade is a livelier suspect than the distant and bedraggled 1960s. Kids weren't shooting other kids over $150 gym shoes in 1969.

To paraphrase Goering, whenever I hear the word "values" I reach for my gym shoes—in case I want to run away. The problem isn't "family values" themselves. They're swell, in their way. The problem is the government trying to impose them. But I don't seriously worry that Quayle's speech is the beginning of any right-wing family values Kulturkampf. That would require more courage of its alleged convictions than this Republican administration has got. And the more cynical uses of a new "family values" campaign are so transparent.

First, "values" are a convenient excuse for the failure of two Republican presidents to do much of anything about the cities and the underclass. They are another free lunch—a seeming answer to some pressing national challenge that requires nothing of the mass of middle-class voters. If only poor people would pull up their socks and stop watching TV shows written by liberals, their problems would be solved.

Second, "values" are, since Spiro Agnew, a traditional weapon in the Republican presidential campaign arsenal. If the "values" debate were a real one, that would be fair enough. But it is not. The Republican technique is to create a straw man—a parody "liberal" who doesn't salute the flag, doesn't love the family, and so on. It worked in 1988, and if you can successfully portray Michael Dukakis as Abbie Hoffman, anything's possible.

When you've controlled the White House for twelve years and people are palpably unhappy with the country's condition, it's useful to have someone else to pin the blame on. Congress serves this function in our constitutional system. But there's also that old bogey, the "cultural elite" that's been secretly running the country while the president and vice president were off playing golf.

Thus "family values" are part of a campaign technique that predates even Spiro Agnew. It's the stigmatization of a Great Other: a group of people within the country but different from normal people and therefore responsible for everything that's going wrong. No wonder we're running a $400 billion deficit when unmarried middle-aged women think they can just go off and have babies by themselves.

MICHAEL KINSLEY

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

JUNE 15, 1992

THE TEMPTER

The candidacy of Ross Perot for president of the United States is not an inherently ridiculous notion. Tenacity and distance are two useful virtues in a president—and independent businessmen occasionally have both. When Perot talks about the relative decline of the American economy; when he argues for a quick and drastic end to the federal budget deficit; when he speaks plainly and sensibly about the need for gun control, health care reform, and higher educational standards, he articulates a shrewd sense among voters that much needs to be changed and that the present administration and Congress are unable and unwilling to change it.

Nor is a candidate who has little political experience for that reason unqualified for office. Such figures occasionally have a role to play (Dwight Eisenhower, for example), and though there is an important distinction between populism and democracy, they are by no means mutually exclusive. Today especially, the populist urge is understandable. Americans recognize that part of the problem with our current leadership is both its refusal to accept responsibility for our crises (such as the deficit and the underclass) and its professionalization. We do not mean by the latter the necessary political experience that politicians must acquire in order to function at all, but the saturation in political culture that marks the careers of both George Bush and Bill Clinton. Compared with them, Perot speaks like a human being. His distaste for the doublespeak of Washington refreshes, and he projects a sense of responsibility for the problems we face.

Moreover, Perot intuitively grasps an essential part of what the presidency is about. He talks of action, of a desire to get things done, of executive *energy*. Those who equate these qualities with despotism misunderstand the nature of the executive branch. It was designed to reflect this aspect of human personality, its dangers to be balanced in our system by the other branches of government. To be sure, the ability to compromise is also an important aspect of a president; but it is not his central characteristic. And the presidency of George Bush is indicative of what happens when it is.

So why not Perot? The central objection to a Perot candidacy is simple enough: Perot himself. His executive energy is not aligned, so far as we can tell, with much else, and insofar as it is exercised, it is often in the wrong direction. Perot's deepest beliefs about the economy (see "The Executive" by John B. Judis, page 19) are those of a neo-protectionist, a man who opposes free trade whenever it hinders the plans of an interventionist government (which is to say almost always) and who argues for a clumsy industrial policy that would harm, rather than help, American global competitiveness. His instinctive, and largely extemporized, isolationism would gravely harm this country's interests around the world. His fondness for an electronic town hall as a replacement for representative government (an idea he first developed in collaboration with Richard Nixon) is precisely what our increasingly manipulated polity does not need.

Moreover, there is a character issue with Perot that is far more profound than the largely manufactured one about Bill Clinton. His past shows him to be personally vicious, self-obsessed, and verging on paranoid (see "Perotnoia" by Sidney Blumenthal, page 23). His conspiratorial zeal reminds us of a cross between Oliver North and Oliver Stone. He pursues those he sees as his political enemies with a tenacity that is truly Nixonian in its temper and in its execution. He is extremely impatient of criticism, dismissive of even the most routine questions by the press, and a prude as well. At every stage of his career, he has shown a compulsion for self-advancement and a certainty about his own rightness that is disturbing in a businessman and fatal in a politician.

And the office he is seeking is, after all, a political office. It is to be sought not by acclamation—as Perot seems to prefer—but by dialogue. A political leader in a liberal democracy does not merely act; he must converse. He is not engaged in the execution of a project, but in a dialogue with a plurality of interests, voices, and impulses. Some projects are necessary; political will is essential; but they are the beginning and not the end of a presidency. What is truly disturbing about Ross Perot is not that he is strong in one capacity and weak in another, but that he shows every sign of not understanding the very context in which he must operate. That context is politics. The current practice of it in our country may not be exemplary. It may even be contemptible. But that is not a reason for dispensing with it altogether. •

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NOTEBOOK

BUSHISM OF THE WEEK: "The next one is enterprise zones.... And what that says is better than some make-work program, let's change the tax structure so you can draw like a magnet into the inner cities some businesses who are going to take a change, who are going to take a gamble and it's going to be make—make it worth their while through the tax changes so they will then offer jobs with dignity in the private sector to those that have been bypassed as far as the American dream goes." —May 21 at a Bush-Quayle fund-raiser picnic in New York

OW! LET ME UP!
NOT UNTIL YOU BALANCE THE BUDGET.
OK OK. I WILL.
I'LL PASS A LAW.
YOU SAID THAT BEFORE.
YOU ALREADY DID. NOW I WANT A CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENT.
OW! YOU DON'T TRUST ME?
SAY IT! CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENT.
OK OK. NOW WILL YOU LET ME UP?
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WHEW! EVERYBODY IMPRESSED?

LAUGH 'TIL YOU CRY: A special award for Tastelessness in the Pursuit of Social Justice goes to the organizers of a recent two-hour Lifetime television special titled "Free to Laugh: A Comedy and Music Special for Amnesty International," organized to promote awareness of women victims of human rights abuses. The show, basically a celebrity laugh-in for torture victims, cut abruptly from vacuous stand-up comedy by the likes of Jerry Seinfeld and Sinbad to descriptions of, for example, nuns being beaten and raped in Tibet (followed in turn by an admonition to stay tuned for more great comedy ...). Amnesty evidently reasoned that a couple of hours of humiliation was a small price to pay for the income and publicity—which tends to be how the organization justifies its many hype-driven ventures these days.

LAST CALL: It took until last week for Secretary of State James Baker to acknowledge that what has been going on in Bosnia at the behest of the Serbian government is intolerable. But then it took him an inordinately long time to recognize that either Serbia or Bosnia existed, and even now he refers to the invasion as a "humanitarian" issue, rather than simple aggression. And it took him another age to notice that the EC, under the aegis of the distracted Germans, was incapable of any firm action to stop the horror. We're relieved that there's now some chance of U.S. leadership on this matter. But it is too soon to forget that in the massacre of the Bosnians—as in that of the Kurds—Baker's foreign policy obtuseness shares a good deal of the blame.

POWERS OF PERSUASION: The politics of race has taken a turn for the vicious at the University of Massachusetts-Amherst since the L.A. riots. Protesters laid siege to the school newspaper, the *Daily Collegian*, until it yielded to a series of demands, including a co-editor's position reserved for a minority student, a workshop on racism for all staffers, and the right of each minority group to elect its own editor. The paper already has the balkanized look of a p.c. document: separate sections for Black Affairs, Third World Affairs, and Gay, Lesbian, and Bisexual Affairs. None of this, however, is good enough. Demonstrators have confiscated issues of the paper, rampaged through its offices, and smashed the windows. Since receiving a death threat, the current editor of the paper, a white male, has changed his mind and agreed to the demands. The chancellor, Richard O'Brien, reacted to this with a statement that he "had no wish to take sides in the issues between student protesters and the student newspaper."

ANIMAL FUNNY FARM: Just when you thought the last wrinkle of p.c. had come unwrinkled, here comes the New York-based Feminists for Animal Rights (FAR), which "attempts to expose the connections between sexism and speciesism whenever and wherever we can." The nation's patriarchal mentality, says FAR, explains the exploitation of women and animals alike: "We feel that the common denominator in the lives of both women and animals is violence." The violence of pornography has its equivalent in the animal kingdom: "The distorted images of animals displayed in the media, language, advertising, and cartoons distorts and degrades animals. Is this not another form of pornography?" We always thought there was something a little weird about Scooby Doo, but we didn't realize he was in oppression-denial. •

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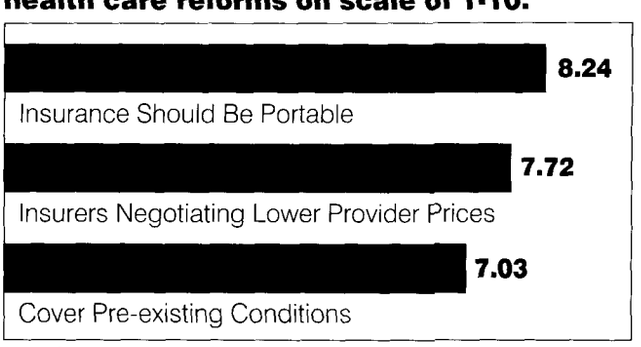

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Will Perot hurt or help Clinton?

THE SPOILER

By Fred Barnes

Ross Perot looks like the exterminator of Bill Clinton, snuffing out Clinton's faint chance of winning the presidency. He has embarrassed Clinton in nationwide polls by relegating him to third place. Most surveys—Gallup, *Wall Street Journal*/NBC News, etc.—show Perot pulling more votes away from Clinton than from President Bush. And a "special regional analysis" for the Gallup Poll found that "Perot would hurt Clinton more than George Bush in the battle for electoral votes."

Forget all that for the moment. Perot could actually turn out to be the man who puts Clinton in the White House. In fact, he's Clinton's only chance. In a one-on-one contest with Bush, Clinton is a goner. He has too much baggage, and the Republican presidential base is too wide. With Perot in the race, however, the GOP base may shrink. The Bush campaign is worried. It has discovered that Perot appeals to older men, young people, and independents. That's the core of the victorious Republican coalition in 1980, 1984, and 1988. If Clinton can merely match the average Democrat presidential vote in the last six elections—43 percent—he'll probably win.

Clinton isn't there yet, far from it. Worse, he's faced at the moment with becoming irrelevant, the third candidate in a two-man race. "If people in state after state think they have to choose between Bush and Perot to be relevant, what does that do to Clinton?" says Republican consultant Jeffrey Bell. "Clinton is being marginalized and doesn't seem to know what to do about it." Bell thinks Clinton should begin attacking Perot as a Washington insider who masquerades as a man of the people. This would keep Perot from pre-empting the field as the center-left challenger to Bush, Bell says.

Clinton took a swipe at Perot in May but didn't mount a sustained attack. He may not need to. The natural rhythm of the campaign may come to Clinton's aid. "A normal Democrat will come back from where Clinton is," argues Bill Hamilton, a Democratic pollster who turned down a campaign job with Perot. He'll make news and perhaps get a boost in the polls by picking a vice presidential running mate. Then, in July, he'll be coronated at the Democratic National Convention in New York. That should produce a bounce in the polls. "Democrats are very good at putting together 35 to 40 percent of the vote, based on constituencies," says Hamilton. "That may be 30 to 35 percent this time."

In any case, Clinton will be in position to benefit from Perot's candidacy. I can think of four scenarios und which Clinton gains significantly in the 100 days fro the end of the Democratic convention to Election D on November 3. Of course, I'm speculating. The cai paign has not congealed and may not until Septemb or later.

No. 1. Clinton locks up a biracial, liberal coalition denying Perot left-of-center votes. He would pull this c by proclaiming himself the champion of the tradition Democratic base: blacks, Hispanics, labor, gays, fen nists, the poor. What's important here is not that Pero liberal feints—he's pro-choice, pro-gun control, ai supports gay rights and a tax increase for the ich· threaten this base. Clinton's bigger problem is that tl liberal base hasn't been energized. Black turnout, good indicator, is down dramatically in the presidenti primaries. "Monolithic black support could be the si gle most important key to success in a competitive thre way race," says Democratic strategist Tad Devine, wl ran Senator Bob Kerrey's unsuccessful presidential bi But Clinton must appeal to blacks aggressively by talki up their issues, including quotas and welfare. If blac don't vote, they can't help.

This strategy "is basically at odds with going the middle," says Devine. Instead Clinton wou have to stop courting moderate whites and Re gan Democrats, and move left. He'd also ha to accept the fact that he won't win a majority. B what's to lose? "The Democrats have been unable build a coalition which delivered on average more th 43 percent of the vote, a fatal flaw in presidential po tics," Devine wrote in "The Polling Report." "But in th changed electoral landscape of the three-way rac 43 percent will be a winning percentage if it is mai tained in key battleground states." The magic 43 pe cent isn't automatic. The liberal base may constitut say, only 33 percent. Getting the other 10 percent tough but possible. After all, says Devine, "this 43 pe cent is committed. They've been voting for losers."

No. 2. Clinton emulates Carol Mosely Braun, tl Democratic nominee for the Senate in Illinois. Brat was supposed to be an also-ran against Senator Al Dixon and a wealthy Chicago lawyer named Al Hofel But Hofeld spent $4 million in TV and radio spots in tl primary, all zinging Dixon. They worked, but not tl way Hofeld expected. Voters rejected Dixon and hi nominating Braun. In the presidential race, Perot h the money to finance a massive media attack on Bus "It won't happen," insists Frank Luntz, Perot's direct of research (and formerly Patrick Buchanan's poll er "He won't back one guy or the other. It's a plague c both your houses." Maybe, maybe not. Perot dislik Bush, even resents him. He'll be tempted to use some his money to go after Bush. "Events in three-way rac can easily get out of control, as candidate A hits can date B to the ultimate benefit of candidate C," sa Devine. Candidate C in this case is Clinton. All he required to do is hang around, alienating no one.

No. 3. Perot has turned the electoral map upsi

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down. He hurts Clinton in Democratic base states like New York, helps him in Republican states like Mississippi and Louisiana. Clinton could adjust his campaign accordingly. No, he can't jettison New York; it's hard to imagine any Democrat winning the presidency without New York. But he could run a highly targeted campaign aimed at particular states. This would be tricky. He'd need to attract a huge black turnout in Mississippi and Louisiana—but do it without sounding like Jesse Jackson, because that would jeopardize his chances in usually Republican states like Colorado, New Mexico, and South Dakota.

No. 4. If Perot gets 10 percent or less, the biggest chunk of his vote will come out of Bush's hide. Stan Greenberg, Clinton's pollster, believes this, and so do I. To check out this theory, pollster Peter Hart looked at the 10 percent of the electorate that says it knows Perot "a great deal" or "quite a bit." Sixty percent of them back Perot. "They're independent, they're male, and they tend to be upper income," says Hart. In short, they're folks who have voted Republican in recent years. Thus it helps Clinton to pare Perot's vote to 10 percent of the vote or below. There's only one way to do this: attack him mercilessly, enlist the press in the crusade, and hope Perot screws up under the pressure.

This last is a pretty long shot. My guess is that Perot won't sink like John Anderson did in 1980 (to 6.7 percent in November after hitting 24 percent in polls in June). "We had a good candidate and no money," says David Garth, Anderson's campaign chief. Anderson's total national media buy was less than $700,000. Perot, says Garth, "can spend $1 million a day beginning June 1." Paid media will keep Perot high enough in the polls that Bush and Clinton can't deny him a place in nationally televised debates. "If they tried, the backlash would get Perot elected," says Republican Representative Tom Bliley of Virginia. Perot will be a serious player until Election Day.

He could win, but don't bet on it. His act will wear thin. He's not especially likable. When I (along with a half-dozen others) chatted with him after one of his TV appearances, he was testy and short-tempered. He lacks the measure of legitimacy that even an outsider needs. Remember, Jimmy Carter and Ronald Reagan had been governors. His campaign will be overshadowed in July and August by the party conventions. His strength is economic issues, but the economy is improving rapidly. The most telling poll number about Perot is one turned up in a survey by the Bush campaign. It found that half the voters won't consider voting for him. If he gets 20 percent to 25 percent, that will be a major achievement for an independent. This won't necessarily help Clinton. The best guess is that the votes Perot gets above 10 percent are mostly Clinton's. Then above 30 percent, Perot starts cutting predominantly into Bush again. So at 20 percent to 25 percent, instead of aiding Clinton, he splits the discontented, pro-choice, anti-Bush vote with him. And Bush wins again. Look, all I said was it's possible that Perot could elect Clinton. And it is, but not very. •

MOSCOW POSTCARD

LITTLE HAVANA

By Anna Husarska

Political exiles in Russia were until recently a colorful but not altogether appealing lot, from Kim Philby & Co. through Chilean and Afghan comrades (Luis Corvalán and Babrak Kamal) to the more recent—and more troubling—case of Erich Honecker. Now, however, the tables are turned: the asylum-seekers are democrats, and thousands of them are pouring in from the last redoubt of Soviet-sponsored communism: Cuba.

Hundreds of Cuban students and graduates here prefer taking their chances on uncertain improvement in the former Soviet republics to returning to their homeland. Most were originally sent to the Soviet Union as a reward for outstanding school performance or because their parents were faithful Fidelistas or powerful nomenklaturistas. They came of age in the last years of Gorbachev, and inevitably even students of railway technology, meteorology, and nuclear physics, who were supposed to be politically immune, got infected. Today nobody relishes the thought of returning to Castrismo.

Alvaro Alba arrived in Odessa in 1982 to study history. The reading list changed in midcourse, and instead of discovering the glory of communism he learned of the shame of it. When he landed there at the age of 18, Alvaro knew little about the realities of socialism. His father was a lieutenant colonel, and his mother a teacher in the military academy in Havana. The family led a very privileged life: two cars, a VCR and foreign films, food bought in special shops. Today Alvaro's expertise in the comparative study of Castro and Stalin is impressive. He points out that both men fathered rebellious daughters. Both had their best military men executed after trumped-up charges: in 1937 Stalin accused Marshal Mikhail Tukhachevsky of spying, in 1989 Castro condemned General Arnaldo Ochoa, the hero of Angola, for drug trafficking. KGB chief Lavrenti Beria was for Stalin what Raúl Castro is for his brother Fidel, and both distinguished themselves by persecuting dissidents. Alvaro's academic work gained him kudos in Odessa and blame in Havana. Now when he calls Cuba (for a mere 27 rubles a minute—less than a quarter; old communications links die hard) from his home in Moscow, his father hangs up on him, and his mother bursts into tears. (His father was retired at 47 in the purge following the Ochoa trial; she was fired when news about the anti-Castro ideas of her son reached Havana.)

Odessa, Ukraine, is where Alvaro's wife, Ludmilla, lives

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with their 2-year-old son, Oleg Alvarovich, because she does not have a permit to stay in Moscow. Odessa is now "abroad," and because Alvaro's passport has expired, he has to pay the frontier guards a thousand-ruble bribe to get there from Moscow, where he works as an interpreter for a Madrid daily for a hefty $100 per month.

Other Cubans are in far worse shape. Students have been especially hard up since January, when the Cuban Higher Education Ministry announced that "on account of the rising cost of living in the former Soviet Union," it would stop paying the 2,000 students their monthly stipends of 700 rubles—roughly $5. This was the stick. The carrot was a promise of free plane tickets to Havana for the students' Soviet spouses and children, plus a bicycle upon arrival in Cuba. But for several hundred Cuban students "bikes or freedom" proved an easier choice than "socialism or death": they stayed, prompting Havana to declare them non-students and to lift their passports.

Cubans without valid passports are illegal aliens, but most prefer this status to going home. Roberto Rodriguez has worked during his metallurgy studies as a bartender in the "Spanish Bar" in Moscow. Since graduating he has gone into trading office equipment that friends with valid passports buy in Singapore. Victor González, formerly a locomotive engineering student, sells blue jeans: he buys (from a Vietnamese pal) a dozen pairs at 880 rubles apiece and heads off to Kiev or Kharkov to sell them at 1,200. The situation of Mariela (nuclear physics) and her Cuban husband, Estanislao (electronics), is more dramatic. They will lose their one-ruble-a-month academic housing after she graduates next year, and she is six months pregnant. She is also black, which has an ironically nasty consequence here: Russians assume that every black person is a privileged foreigner with access to hard currency.

Last November these students and graduates founded the Cuban Union. Its goals are financial assistance, distribution of hard-to-get press clippings on Cuba from Spanish-language periodicals, and monitoring the legal situation of the Cuban community in the former USSR. Recently it started handling a complicated exodus operation, with Moscow serving as a far-flung stopover between Havana and Miami. Prompted by a radio announcement from Miami that advertised the newly opened Moscow office of the Cuban American Foundation, Cubans started landing in January at Sheremietevo airport with hopes of being swiftly put on a plane back to Miami. At the phone number of the presumed office, however, they are denied any aid and referred to the Cuban Union.

In the last four months a dozen Cubans have made the 6,000-mile trip. (For those with small children this is safer than sailing on a makeshift raft to Florida.) "If it weren't for the assistance of the Cuban Union, I would have turned into a snowman on Red Square," says Lázaro, one of the rescued prospective Miamians, still stranded in Russia. The others were put up for a few nights in Moscow, then escorted to Tallinn, Estonia, where for $50 they took the ferry to Stockholm. There, it is said, the Swedish authorities take care of temporary exiles and, if a Miami relative pays for the plane ticket, they make it to Florida—ninety miles from where their odyssey began.

The Cuban Union has some 100 members, but many more share its anti-Castro position. Its baptism by fire was a demonstration in front of the Cuban Embassy in Moscow in January against human rights violations by the Castro regime. The Havana daily *Granma* called the demonstrators *gusanos rojos*—red worms, as opposed to "worms," as the Miami exiles are dubbed. Castro declared in his usual ballistic style that the forces of Cuba will defeat them just as they defeated the South Africans at Cuito Cuanavale, the 1987 battle in Angola.

But the Russian authorities have shown some understanding of the Cuban exiles' plight. At a recent conference here on the Russia-Cuba relationship that I attended courtesy of Freedom House, Vladimir Borodaev from the Russian Science Academy declared: "Russia, as the heir of the USSR, has the moral responsibility for having imposed the socialist model on Cuba." Aleksei Surkov of the Foreign Affairs Committee assured me that a law on political asylum is being prepared in the Russian Parliament: it would give the Muscovite Cubans legal status.

Added to Castro's nightmares about Miami and Madrid exiles is now a third M—Moscow. Of the three, the Moscow group is the sharpest when it comes to understanding how the post-Castro history of Cuba will go, for they are now experiencing the difficulties of reverting from a planned economy to the free market and from totalitarianism to democracy. Having witnessed perestroika, glasnost, and then the August putsch, Alvaro and his friends would recognize a Cuban Yeltsin if he were to appear. They might even produce one.

ANNA HUSARSKA, a Polish journalist, is a regular contributor to TNR.

A Voice of America scandal.

CITIZEN DJIN

By Jacob Weisberg

In April 1985 Nodar Djindjihashvili, a Soviet émigré working as an editor at the Georgian-language service of the Voice of America, made an unhappy discovery. The station, he found out, which exists to provide accurate news to the unfree countries of the world, was being misused by the U.S. government to broadcast covert intelligence signals to the Soviet Union.

The circumstances of the incident might have been taken from an inferior spy novel. Another member of the Georgian staff, Michael Popkhadze, was ordered by a superior to play a recording of the folk tune "Suliko," famous as Stalin's favorite song, at a specified time. In

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addition, he was to translate into Georgian an announcement that the song was being broadcast at the request of a listener in the Georgian town of Gori—Stalin's birthplace—and that it recently had been played at a concert in Washington. None of this was true. There was no listener in Gori, no request, and no concert in Washington. Popkhadze was to tell no one of the order.

But Popkhadze, also a recent émigré from Georgia, was upset enough to telephone his editor, Nodar Djin, as he now calls himself. Djin, regarded by colleagues as the most outstanding employee at the service, shared Popkhadze's concern that the broadcast was an illegal violation of the VOA charter. It remains unclear what the weird message was supposed to convey, but Djin recognized that it was the sort of espionage activity that the Soviets always accused the VOA of engaging in. As a listener in Georgia, Djin had always regarded such charges as propaganda, and believed the U.S. denials and claims of independence. Djin alerted his superior about the secret broadcast, and word soon got back to Mark Pomar, the VOA official who passed along the order to play the tape. Though he was never before involved in daily programming decisions, Pomar came to the studio himself on a Saturday and ordered an engineer to play the tape at the specified time. Djin subsequently complained to Pomar, and called a meeting of the Georgian staff at which he argued that they should demand an explanation of why false information was being broadcast. After a few months, Djin was fired.

Now, seven years later, Djin's case has been heard by John Garrett Penn, the chief judge of the U.S. District Court in Washington, D.C. In a five-day trial, which recently ended, Djin's attorneys, who are representing him pro bono, claimed he was fired in retaliation for his criticism, in violation of his First Amendment rights, and asked that he be reinstated with back pay. The Djin case presents an issue that transcends its now musty cold war context. The suit starkly poses the question of what happens when a person of integrity confronts government malfeasance. Penn's decision, which is expected in the coming months, will send an important signal to would-be whistle-blowers throughout the federal bureaucracy.

Before he left the USSR, Djin, who is now 50, was a victim of Soviet anti-Semitism. A distinguished academic, whose field is the philosophy of culture, his works were condemned for their Jewish emphases, and he was not allowed to accept invitations to teach at Columbia University and elsewhere because of his religious background. In 1979 he traveled through the Soviet Union photographing the remnants of Jewish communities in various cities and villages. The following year he left the USSR, smuggling out with him 5,000 photographs, some of which were later published in *Life*. After teaching at Queens College and working at the World Jewish Congress, in 1984 Djin was recruited to work at the Georgian service, which was desperate for people fluent in the language. "I was proud to be part of a radio station that preached the sanctity of human rights and the importance of social justice," he wrote in 1988.

Djin's work at VOA was well regarded. He worked long hours, according to an internal memo, and was often personally responsible for 60 percent of the hour-long daily program. According to an evaluation, he "invariably turns out work outstanding in accuracy and completeness.... Without a doubt, Mr. Djindjihashvili is one of the most valuable employees in the entire USSR division."

Conflict arose, however, over plans to broadcast a reading by Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn of new chapters from his novel *August 1914*. The chapters describe the assassination of the Russian statesman Stolypin by a Jewish intellectual, characterized as a "cosmopolitan" who acted in defense of Jewish interests. Broadcast with an introduction praising their historical accuracy, the chapters were likely, in Djin's view, to promote Soviet anti-Semitism. His objections were ignored by Pomar, the USSR division chief who had arranged the Solzhenitsyn broadcasts. According to Djin's testimony, Pomar told him that if Jews were beaten up, it would be good for them, since it would expedite their decision to leave the Soviet Union. (On the witness stand, Pomar could not remember this or other specific conversations.) After the controversy surfaced in the press, Pomar held Djin responsible for the bad publicity. At one meeting he said that if Djin continued to be critical of VOA, he would not remain a part of it.

Djin never criticized VOA publicly but continued to speak up within the organization. When he objected to the "Suliko" broadcast, Pomar told him it was none of his business, that the order to broadcast the song came from very high up, at one point claiming it emanated directly from "the president of this country." (In fact, according to documents filed by the VOA in the case, it came from Charles Z. Wick, then director of the U.S. Information Agency, VOA's parent body, though it is unclear whether he was acting on behalf of the CIA, the National Security Council, or someone else.) "Mr. Pomar said I should for my own sake not only stop expressing concern about it, but stop thinking about it," Djin testified. Around the same time, Djin began to receive advice from Gerd von Doemming, Pomar's deputy, who said Djin would lose his job if he didn't become a team player.

On September 24, 1985, Djin received a call at home asking him to come to an urgent meeting the next day. About to leave for New York to attend Yom Kippur services at a Georgian synagogue, Djin asked if the meeting could wait a day. He was told it could not. When he arrived at work he was handed a termination notice. The Georgian service was being reorganized, its staff cut back. The daily broadcast was being shortened from an hour to half an hour, and would be moved from 6 p.m. to midnight on the dubious pretense of reaching a larger audience. Djin became a cab driver in Manhattan. (He now works in London, for the BBC's Russian service.)

At trial, the government did not contest Djin's versions of the Solzhenitsyn or the "Suliko" episodes. "As far as any suggestion of broadcasting covert messages, we don't do it, we wouldn't do it, we are respectful of the

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law," says Joe O'Connell, a VOA spokesman. But even Wick acknowledged in a phone interview that VOA was used for the broadcast of covert signals during his tenure (though he does not remember the "Suliko" incident).

The basis of the government's defense was that Djin was fired for the stated reason—that the Georgian service was being cut back and needed fewer employees. The argument was unconvincing. The then head of personnel at VOA, Glenn Sutton, testified that he was asked to explore ways to fire Djin alone—which is what happened. Meanwhile, two employees with less seniority were retained, according to a complicated formula that Sutton testified Pomar asked him to use, understanding its implications. In 1985 all eight of the remaining employees at the Georgian service signed a petition expressing outrage at Djin's firing and asking for his reinstatement. They did not believe the stated reasons for the dismissal. "We believe," the letter said, "that the reduction in staff was motivated by a singular desire to get rid of Nodar." Though it seems plain why he was fired, Djin's lawyers needed to prove a causal connection between his speech and his firing. That is no easy feat, since Pomar was careful to document an objective reason for his separation.

Sitting through the trial, I found it impossible not to be impressed by Djin's dignified bearing and the clear consistency of his story. He has spent the better half of a decade pressing his case, yet seems strangely free of bitterness. Though he is unable to comment while his case is pending, Nodar Djin made his position eloquently clear from the witness stand. What motivates him, it seems, is not the money he is suing for, or the job that he for some reason wants back, but his sense of betrayal by an institution of American democracy he once respected but no longer can. His case against the VOA will set a moral precedent, if not a legal one, for public servants who confront violations of the public trust. •

The Philippines' new president.

FAST EDDIE

By Alan Berlow

MANILA

On the eve of the May 11 Philippine elections, the Catholic Bishops' Conference advised citizens of this 85 percent Catholic country to vote for candidates they believed "God wants to put in public office." It is doubtful that Fidel V. "Eddie" Ramos, 64—a Protestant career military man whose candidacy was vehemently opposed by Manila's archbishop—rose to the Church's exalted standard. But for better or worse, President Corazon Aquino's former defense secretary is likely to be the country's next president.

A second cousin of Ferdinand Marcos and a graduate of West Point, Ramos headed the Philippine Constabulary, the most brutal and corrupt branch of the armed forces, from 1972 to '86. He was one of the chief administrators of martial law, responsible for jailing, among others, Aquino's husband, Benigno "Ninoy" Aquino Jr., and House Speaker Ramon V. Mitra Jr., who placed fourth in the just-concluded seven-candidate presidential race. In 1986 Ramos decided he'd had enough of Marcos and helped ignite the "People Power Revolution." Ramos then stood by Aquino through seven coup attempts, earning her abiding gratitude—as well as her endorsement in the election—and convincing the president and many others of his commitment to constitutional government.

Aquino views the restoration of democratic institutions and the peaceful transition of power as her greatest legacy, and in the recent elections Filipinos overwhelmingly demonstrated that they too want the country's infant democracy to move ahead. More important than the choice of Ramos, by rejecting the heirs to the dictatorship—Imelda Marcos and Marcos crony Eduardo "Danding" Cojuangco—Filipinos made a clear break with their authoritarian past. Vice President Salvador E. Laurel, who devoted six years to undermining Aquino's feeble democracy, placed last in the balloting. Voters also registered their contempt for traditional patronage politics by trouncing Mitra, the candidate with the most formidable political machine, and by casting a sizable vote in favor of populist anti-graft crusader Miriam Defensor Santiago. In supporting the Protestant Ramos over Mitra—contrary to the advice of Manila Archbishop Jaime Cardinal Sin—Filipinos showed a surprising degree of religious tolerance and a sophisticated sense of the Church's rightful place in their society.

But the euphoria surrounding these modest gains is tempered by the realization that had Cojuangco and Mrs. Marcos joined forces, their combined votes would have been enough to put them in office. More than eighty people died in what has been called the most peaceful and orderly election in Philippine history, and there were numerous irregularities in the polling process: shortages of ballots, missing ballot boxes and registration lists, reports of widespread vote-buying and of cheating in the interminable vote count. The government's Commission on Elections (Comelec), which conducted a nationwide voter education program and is tabulating the votes, is probably the Aquino government's most credible agency. But fraud charges by losing candidates may yet undermine the legitimacy of the election as well as the incoming administration, which will in any case assume office with no more than 25 percent of the vote.

Good losers are almost as rare as igloos in the Philippines, and three of the defeated contenders have already cried foul. The histrionic Mrs. Marcos, now in fifth place, is pouting that she would be president had

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all her votes been counted. The populist Santiago, whose campaign energized voters fed up with corrupt politicians, seems intent on self-destructing. An acid-tongued orator who called her opponents "certifiable idiots," Santiago showed that a candidate with no party organization and very little money can compete in national politics by addressing gut issues such as graft and corruption. But Santiago has since trivialized her achievement by embarking on a liquid diet "hunger strike," which she vowed would be "to the death if necessary," in order to protest the "wholesale electoral fraud" and "attempted rape" of Philippine democracy by the Ramos campaign. Santiago abandoned her effort after shedding nine pounds. Her charges are based on a handful of anecdotes and the preposterous notion that because she led in pre-election opinion surveys and was ahead in the initial counting of ballots, she could only lose if she was cheated.

Cojuangco, meanwhile, says he should have gotten at least 80 percent of the votes won by his running mate, Joseph "Erap" Estrada, an enormously popular ex-movie star who is the runaway winner in the separate vice presidential balloting. But voters clearly associate the pot-bellied Estrada with the slum-dwelling anti-heroes he has portrayed on the screen. He is seen as a common man who fought "the system" and retained his honor in a society that often makes such a feat impossible.

Cojuangco has none of this appeal. If anything, the stoop-shouldered tycoon is seen as the quintessential warlord politician, someone who stole from the poor and gave to himself. Cojuangco made hundreds of millions of dollars playing on a real-life Monopoly gameboard provided by his buddy Ferdinand Marcos. He used his winnings to create a nationwide corporate empire and a vast network of supporters grateful for his patronage. Cojuangco is admired by many Filipinos as a shrewd businessman who can get a job done, but he is also viewed as a throwback to the discredited regime he so dutifully supported and has yet to repudiate.

It is still possible that Cojuangco could emerge the winner. The official count is conducted by a joint session of the Congress, a veritable pantheon to greed and corruption, and Manila is awash with rumors about how the Congress will subvert the popular will as lawmakers line up for payoffs from Cojuangco or Ramos, or both. Election commissioner Haydee Yorac says the Congress will find it difficult to repudiate the official vote count and risks alienating a public that believes the balloting was generally fair. But Cojuangco's supporters may seek to delay the count beyond June 30, the day Aquino is scheduled to step down, provoking a constitutional crisis and possible military takeover. This might give Cojuangco another shot at the presidency—assuming the military calls for new elections—but Yorac warns congressmen that they risk becoming "irrelevant" if the armed forces assume control. Given the Comelec's continuing credibility and its apparent support from the military, the Congress would have to think twice about denying Ramos the presidency unless it can establish a clear pattern of fraud that would have led to a different outcome.

It is unclear what a Ramos presidency will mean for the Philippines. In the campaign, the cigar-chomping Ramos tried to distance himself from Aquino by suggesting she did nothing to address what he calls the "economic empowerment" of the masses. In his "people power" campaign he attacked traditional politicians, "oligarchs," and "elites" who victimize the poor "by making them dependent on local godfathers." He offered instead "alternative politics," but campaigned by Aquino's side as she doled out government pork barrel funds, while his own aides pressed cash-filled envelopes into the hands of corruptible journalists. Ramos campaigned in the name of saving the environment, but as chief of staff of the armed forces and later as secretary of defense, he did nothing to stop illegal logging by the military. His running mate, a member of one of the country's oldest elite families, was accused of extorting $180,000 from a garment manufacturer in exchange for a promise to increase the company's export quota. A top aide to Ramos insists that the public will see a new man emerge when he assumes office. Don't bet on it.

ALAN BERLOW is a free-lance journalist.

Political anti-Semitism anew.

THE UNCHOSEN

By Ruth Wisse

For the first time since the Second World War, anti-Semitism has resurfaced as an issue in American politics. Four years ago it dogged Jesse Jackson's presidential candidacy, and this year it marked the campaigns of two Republican challengers, David Duke and Pat Buchanan. James Baker's now infamous remark, "Fuck the Jews," merely confirmed the trend. But the debate about anti-Semitism, carried on by William F. Buckley et al. in the pages of *National Review* and debated elsewhere, missed an important distinction in the pathology of Jew-hating.

The problem of anti-Semitism at this level has very little to do with the prejudice or dislike of one group for another. Other American minorities may be disliked, and some discriminated against much more severely than the Jews, yet none is elevated in the same way to the level of a respectable political scapegoat; and none faces the kind of international opprobrium that attaches to the Jewish state. No other ethnic minority in America stands accused of racism—of moral illegitimacy—for the fact of its national existence or because it

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is reduced to extreme measures in the defense of its territory. Americans may not all accuse Israel of illegitimacy; they may, indeed, feel a certain affinity for Israel as a fellow democracy and for the Jews as an embattled people. But because Arab governments that deny the Jewish right to national existence are otherwise potentially desirable commercial and political allies, the defense of Israel has become a political liability, and tolerance for Arab anti-Semitism curiously acceptable.

One of the most obvious facts of international politics for the past fifty years has been the refusal of Arab countries to accept the reality of a Jewish state. With the exception of Egypt, no Arab country has yet to grant Israel its place on the map, and in the years since the Camp David Accords, there has been no follow-up. In fact, Arab governments reacted by stepping up their anti-Israel campaign in the West, and there are no convincing signs that this opposition is waning. When Israel recently opened a telephone line to neighboring countries, its use was made a crime by "moderate" Jordan. Even Egypt, rather than prodding its fellow Arabs toward reconciliation, has just unleashed a press campaign against Israel of unprecedented virulence.

Opposition to Israel organizes the social, economic, cultural, and political nationalism of Arab states around the negative presence of the Jews, drawing otherwise divided groups and sects together in a common goal. In this sense, ideological anti-Semitism functions in the Arab world much as it did in Europe of the nineteenth century, as the strongest common political bond among very different nations. Palestinian Arab homelessness, which has been used since the early 1970s to explain Arab opposition to the Jews, effectively camouflages Arab rejection of Israel behind the guise of brotherly concern. In one sense, it may be legitimate to say that the presence of Jews takes away space from the Arabs (as the Arab presence takes away space from the Jews), but blaming Israel for Arab homelessness or statelessness is shorthand for the eventual elimination of Israel altogether. And often, the shorthand is unnecessary.

Anti-Semitism—of all the modern European ideologies—made the most successful transition to the Arab world. Here too, the reason is obvious: anti-Semitism alone among these ideologies achieved its goal in Europe. Fascism's concentration of political power eventually elicited resistance to its power, and socialism's concentration of economic power finally stifled the power it tried to harness; by contrast, anti-Semitism channeled the energies of many otherwise competing groups into a common aim. Building on centuries of religious teachings, anti-Semitism provided despots with an easy, psychologically persuasive explanation of everything that was wrong, and in some countries more than others, with an outlet for collective frustration and violence.

The politics of anti-Jewishness has been cultivated so ardently and so effectively in Arab countries that any ruler can very easily stoke it into a blaze, and there is yet no hint of a countering philo-Jewishness or tolerance of pluralism to offset the politics of hatred. Palestinian-Arab nationalism, at least according to those allowed to speak in its name, seems to consist almost exclusively of opposition to the Jews. Even some Arab Americans, who might have been expected to develop a democratic opposition to their home autocracies, remain obsessed with Israel, and show far less public concern for the advancement of Arab society than hostility to Jewish society.

Thus, when discussants of anti-Semitism ask why Jews are so sensitive whenever Israel is criticized, they are either feigning ignorance of the Arab war against Israel or obscuring the Arab intention of destroying it. As long as large parts of the Arab-Muslim world try to undo the Jewish state (through every conceivable means, from bombing to boycott) anyone less than "sensitive" to the dangers that confront the Jews runs the danger of colluding with their would-be destroyers. It is this political anti-Semitism that is far more threatening to many American Jews than everyday prejudice.

This political reality generates enormous discomfort and tension. For the real question is not whether an American likes or dislikes the Jews, or whether he socializes with Jews, or whether he is himself a Jew, but what his view is about those who want to destroy the Jews. What was true in Europe during the first part of this century is still in part true in the Middle East today. No matter how strong Israel seeks to be militarily, no matter how effectively American Jews try to rally their fellow citizens to its defense, the Jews are fewer than 13 million worldwide, and all they "occupy" is 27,000 square miles. Alone, they can never survive the international sport of hounds and hares that Christian and Muslim nations have perfected. True, Israel has successfully staved off the repeated attacks against its citizens; the United States helped blunt the force of the Arab boycott and the isolation of Israel at the U.N. But what would happen should the U.S. government support continue to erode?

No Washington administration, including Franklin D. Roosevelt's, ever had such intimate knowledge of the war against the Jews as the present administration of George Bush. Hostility to Israel remains so acute in the Arab world that Bush had to forgo the assistance of Israel in the war against Iraq so as not to offend the Arab sheikhs whose kingdoms America was defending. It would be hard to find an analogous example in history of an ally being excluded from doing common battle against an aggressor because opposition to the potential ally was even greater than opposition to the attacking enemy. The enormity of Arab opposition to the Jews was manifest not only in Iraq's deliberate bombing of Israeli cities, and in the glee with which this brutality was greeted in Jordan and Iran, but in the unsoftened anti-Israel posture of those countries Americans had gone to defend.

Yet the president's experience of Arab hatred only increased his impatience—with Israel. Thanks to his rescue of their territories through an immense com-

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mitment of U.S. arms and soldiers, Bush was the first president to gain real political leverage with Arab countries. He might have used that leverage to pressure at least two countries, Kuwait and Saudi Arabia, into recognizing Israel, stopping the boycott, and initiating normal diplomatic relations with a neighboring state. To be sure, the abandonment of Israel was not exceptional; the president's capitulation to Arab interests has been much costlier in the short run to the Kurds and other threatened Iraqi minorities than it has been to Israelis. But though the Kurds are like the Jews in being refused a territory, they do not figure in the same way as the ideological enemy of pan-Arab nationalism and Muslim fundamentalism. Nor is there a tradition of anti-Kurdism to be tapped at the U.N. and elsewhere. All Americans were cheated when Bush failed to uphold the principles for which the war in the Gulf was fought; his surrender to Arab anti-Semitism, however, will have harsh domestic implications for the Jews especially.

This climate of political anti-Semitism is exacerbated at the top, and can only be reversed at the top. If the president of the United States and his administration remain tolerant of political anti-Semitism in foreign states and at home, then it only remains for lesser politicians and public figures to multiply accusations against the Jews in the months and years to come. It makes no difference whether Bush and members of his administration have personal friends among the Jews or not (and it doesn't appear that they do); what matters is that they consider ideological opposition to the Jews no impediment to friendly relations.

But this is only half of the political story. The temptation to isolate the Jews is at least as strong on the moralist left as it is on the pragmatic right, making it increasingly difficult for the Jews to find political support in either party. The ideological left never had any use for the Jews qua Jews. Its ideal of an undifferentiated humankind was offended by the familial religion and nationhood of the Jewish people. Here liberals as well as ideological leftists are trapped in a moral vise. The right, when it advertises that it is only looking out for itself, can say that it is abandoning the Jews because they are strategically dispensable. The left, which boasts of its conscience, has first to prove the iniquity of the Jews in order to justify its own refusal to stand up for them. No more inclined than the right to sacrifice its self-interest to protect Israel from harm, the left has to discredit Israel with ever increasing proofs of Israel's culpability in order to obscure the reality of Arab intentions.

The cumulative assault of political anti-Semitism from right and left puts enormous pressure on the Jews, who are clearly reluctant to face the war against them, wishing only that it would stop and disappear. Whoever stood up for the Jews in this century automatically championed justice and democracy and individual freedom against the rule of force. The reason for this lies less in the Jews than in their enemies: some of the world's most autocratic, anti-democratic rulers. The enemies haven't changed much. But the old-style liberal defenders of the Jews have waned in their enthusiasm. And they have done so with the active collusion of the president of the United States.

RUTH WISSE, professor of Jewish studies at McGill University, is the author of the forthcoming *"If I Am Not For Myself": The Liberal Betrayal of the Jews* (Free Press).

Perot's plan for the economy.

THE EXECUTIVE

By John B. Judis

DALLAS, TEXAS

The morning I was to see Ross Perot I woke up in my Dallas hotel room to witness him being interviewed on ABC's "Good Morning America." The reporter, Michael Schneider, kept insisting that the American people wanted to know the "specifics" of Perot's candidacy, while Perot, his right eye squinting hostilely at Schneider, insisted that he didn't have time to explain his positions. "I'll make you a bargain. You give me an hour, and I'll discuss it with you," Perot said. When Schneider persisted, Perot exclaimed, "Give me a break!"

The Texas billionaire invited this kind of questioning by boasting to the American Society of Newspaper Editors last April that it would be "easy" to eliminate this year's $400 billion deficit. But the press has leapt from Perot's bluster on the deficit to the unwarranted conclusion that he "lacks specifics" on every important question that would face the next president—that he is a kind of leadership icon running entirely on his charm and reputation rather than on his ideas. That view of Perot doesn't do justice to

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the man or to the people signing his petitions.

There are good reasons to be skeptical about a Perot presidency, but a lack of definite views is not one of them. Perot has clear opinions on issues that are central to the nation's future. These concern America's industrial competitiveness—the nation's ability to sell its goods and maintain its standard of living against increasingly fierce international competition. Whereas George Bush has blithely proclaimed a "next American century," Perot has maintained that the nation's industries are in serious trouble, and he has advocated controversial steps to revive them, including an industrial policy (though he strenuously rejects that term) and an aggressive managed trade strategy. Perot has equally well-defined and controversial views on reforming the country's educational system.

Perot does become evasive when reporters ask him about affirmative action or gun control. Even though he has spent the last three decades processing health insurance claims, he won't even vent an opinion about different plans for reforming the health care system. But as I was able to confirm, Perot is not shy when asked why American industry has lost its leading position. He'll talk at length and in copious detail about the Mexican free trade agreement or leveraged buyouts or about former high American officials who lobby for foreign companies. By piecing together what he says with what he has said and done about these kinds of subjects, one can draw a fairly complete picture of Perot's economic views.

Perot's seventeenth-floor office in North Dallas, crowded with Remingtons, Rockwells, and mementos of industrial conquests and hostage rescues, looks like an elegant pawn shop. Perot is a small, wiry man who has the didactic manner and deliberate hand gestures of someone used to instructing subordinates. During our interview he seemed prickly, defensive, and humorless. When I tried to defuse the tension by asking him how he planned to end poverty in Burundi, he gave me a cold stare, even after I explained that I was joking. And during our interview, he returned repeatedly to Bush press secretary Marlin Fitzwater's attack on him as a "monster" the day before even though I never asked him about it or anything remotely connected to it. He only warmed—and then slightly—when he began to talk about the obstacles that stood in the way of rebuilding the American economy.

He believes that America's most urgent priority is to regain its supremacy in key manufacturing industries. "We have got to make sure that we are first and best," he says. Perot says these things partly out of a frontier patriotism (in Dallas everything has to be "world class"), but more important, out of a conviction that if America is not first—if it cedes high-tech, high-profit industries to Asia and Western Europe—it will suffer in its standard of living. "I don't want to live in a country that can't make its own television sets," Perot told me. "It's just bizarre that we can't make consumer electronics. Those are industries of the future. If we forfeit whole industries from this country, we will have a Third World nation standard of living here." Perot makes his points by exaggerating—the United States would not sink to the poverty of Zambia or even Brazil—yet his general observation is sound: by failing to compete in leading-edge industries, the United States will sink lower in the international division of labor and in per capita income.

Perot's view of competitiveness is similar to that of businessmen like Chrysler's Lee Iacocca (who has hinted he will campaign for Perot) and of politicians like House Majority Leader Richard Gephardt. In 1990 Perot and his family contributed more money to Gephardt than to any other politician. But Perot's views are also uniquely shaped by his own experience in business. Unlike some businessmen, Perot does not blame either American workers or the Japanese for this country's ills. Instead, he lays the blame primarily on three parties: corporate CEOs, Wall Street, and Washington itself.

His analysis of why American industry has declined was particularly influenced by his experience at General Motors. In 1984, at the instigation of the Wall Street investment firm Salomon Brothers, GM bought Perot's company, Electronic Data Systems (EDS), and Perot became GM's largest stockholder and a member of its board of directors. Perot joined a company that was seemingly at the peak of its power with a chief executive, Roger Smith, widely acclaimed for his daring. But during his first year, Perot discovered a complacent, arrogant leadership overseeing an unhappy work force. He reported what he saw to GM's management, and then, lacking any response, to the interested public.

GM didn't begin to lose money until after Smith, driven to distraction by Perot's criticisms of his leadership, bought out Perot's share in the company in December 1986, and GM's board didn't accept Perot's indictment of GM's torpid leadership until this year. Perot sees America as GM of the mid-'80s writ large and the Bush administration as the blind and arrogant GM management. "Right now, when I look at my country, I feel like I'm looking at General Motors during that period of time," Perot told David Frost.

Perot believes that American industry, like GM, suffers from its own success. "We won World War II," Perot explained in a National Press Club speech in November 1988. "With success comes arrogance. We thought it was our birthright to supply the world. We went from the best in the world to just good enough to get by, to whining about not having a level playing field, when [Japan and Western Europe] came out of the ashes."

Like GM's management, Perot believes, American CEOs focus on bureaucratic process rather than on product. "You don't get to be chairman of the board by building the best car, the best television set, or the best stereo," Perot told an interviewer in September 1989. "You get to be the chairman of the board by being good at running overhead projectors and making staff reports." He reiterated this indictment when I talked to

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him. Many executives, Perot told me, "just sit there and try to figure out how to make their salary." No American CEO talks this frankly or harshly about his colleagues.

Perot lays equal blame for the country's decline on the Wall Street bankers who during the '80s rushed firms into takeovers and junk bond-financed leverage buyouts. Perot was well ahead of other critics in predicting the credit crash of the early '90s. "Junk bonds, by definition, are junk," he told the National Press Club in 1988. "I didn't name them. The guys that created them named them. They are going to be worn like anvils around the necks of the companies that sold them for many decades. If we run into any kind of recession, we're going to have a horrible problem."

Perot indicts Washington for not curbing Wall Street and for allowing savings and loan executives to run amok. He also accuses the White House and Congress of permitting the federal deficit to balloon, crowding out the savings that America needs to rebuild its industry. And though Perot believes that American companies suffer primarily from failing to make "the best products," he thinks that the United States has gotten "its pockets picked" at trade negotiations with Japan.

American negotiators, Perot charges, have been either inept or disingenuous and have been undercut by their fellow countrymen. "In Japan, they get the guys who know the industry. If it's construction negotiations, they've got the big groups in construction," Perot told me. "We have got these teams. I don't know where they came from, and half of them are going to switch in the middle of the negotiations and they are going to work for Japan for $30,000 a month, and then go to work on the president's campaign." Again Perot exaggerates—as reprehensible as it is, only a handful of American trade officials have actually switched sides during negotiations. But more than 120 high officials have gone to work as foreign lobbyists after leaving government, and one top official in the Bush campaign, James Lake, is a lobbyist for Japanese companies.

As I learned from interviewing him, Perot has become reluctant to explain his broader plans for turning American industry around. He appears worried about the alarm bells that many business leaders hear whenever "industrial policy" is mentioned. Perot also doesn't seem to have sorted out his own conflicting inclinations. Raised in the same part of East Texas as former Representative Wright Patman, the scourge of finance capital, Perot is in many ways a classic Texas populist. But despite all his "managed trade" enthusiasm, he says he believes deeply in the free market—extolling the virtues of the adventurous entrepreneur like Apple founder Steven Jobs and Microsoft's Bill Gates. Like Patman or the late nineteenth-century members of the Farmers Alliance, however, he contends that the market has been corrupted by big business, Wall Street, and Washington, and he wants to use the power of government to revive it. Yet the kind of government intervention Perot contemplates belongs very much to the late twentieth century.

Perot's own model is Japan's Ministry of Trade and Industry (MITI), which played a very active role in subsidizing and steering Japan's industrial revival. He has suggested that the United States create its own MITI. "We've got to have strategic plans industry by industry," Perot told the National Press Club last April. "There are industries we've got to keep in this country, and we're losing them right and left. We've got to target them. They will create millions of jobs. We've got to make sure that we're first and best. In Japan that's called MITI: study it, analyze it, improve on it."

When I asked Perot about creating "an American version of MITI," he displayed his prickly side. "No," he snapped. "Here are my words. We need an intelligent and supportive relationship between government and business." And he went on to lecture me in an exasperated way about how government was hampering business by adopting an "adversarial relationship." Perot evidently wanted to demonstrate that he was a good business Republican, but ever so slowly, as I asked him about specific industries, his real views, which were readily on display before last month, began to emerge.

I asked Perot whether he thought government should subsidize such things as research on high-definition television. He first brought out his old saw about how the Wright Brothers didn't need government funding, but then he added, "Does it make sense from time to time to assist in some leading-edge technology? Maybe, certainly if corporate America is bled so white it doesn't have the capital to do it.... In an unfortunate situation like the one we are in now, where we have given up our lead in so many industries, you may have to go through a phase like that to get things going." That's industrial policy.

To revive the American market, Perot appears to contemplate a broad range of intervention: changes in securities laws to discourage the sharp operators, tax breaks for small business, changes in antitrust laws to remove the restraints on companies like IBM and GM from competing with their giant foreign rivals, and budget reductions to free up capital for business. And he wants to institute some kind of formal planning process that will persuade—or force—corporate CEOs in both the older sunset industries such as auto or steel and the new sunset industries to plan "ten years ahead, not ten minutes ahead."

Perot does not say what kind of "strategic plans" he would want businesses to follow, but he would not confine himself to urging that they invest in robots. As he demonstrated during his battle with Smith at GM, Perot thinks labor-management relations are as important to productivity as robots or computer-aided design. Perot is a great believer in the kind of worker-management cooperation practiced in Japan and Western Europe. Although he blocked labor unions at EDS (even closing down a Concord, California, office in 1969 when its workers voted to organize), he was conspicuously friendly to the United Auto Workers at GM, preventing

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the company from shutting down an Arlington, Texas, plant and insisting that management solicit workers' participation.

Perot also wants to pursue some kind of managed trade strategy as a temporary means of restoring American industries. Asked at his last Press Club appearance whether the government should try to negotiate with the Japanese over car and computer chip exports and imports, Perot said, "Look, the government gave it away, the government's going to have to get it back." When I asked him about American automakers' demands that the Japanese limit their market share in the United States, Perot extolled European negotiators who have set a 16 percent limit on Japanese auto imports through 1999. Perot wouldn't say whether he endorsed the precise demands that Ford and Chrysler executives have made, but he made it clear that he supported in principle that kind of approach to trade and investment.

Perot's attitude toward trade and industry is most clearly seen in his response to the prospect of a Mexican free trade agreement, which both Bush and Bill Clinton favor. "Philosophically I am for fair and free trade," Perot told me. "I am not a protectionist, but pragmatically as a guy who understands business, if I can build a factory in Mexico, pay my labor a dollar an hour, hire a 25-year-old work force, have little or no health care, little or no retirement, have no pollution or environmental controls, then if you are the greatest businessman in the world, if you are Einstein in business, trying to compete with me in the United States, you can't even get into the ring with those numbers. It was so goofy to me I thought I didn't understand it, so I talked to guys who were running big companies, and I said, if this thing goes through as planned, when would you build another factory in the United States? They said, 'Gee Perot, you wouldn't.' So we already have a declining job base and all we are going to do is accelerate it."

Perot says that when he talked to trade negotiators, they admitted that the agreement would be "disruptive." "I said, 'Think it through. We close a factory in a factory town, in effect we close a town, all these folks who have equity in their home suddenly have none, that hits Fannie Mae or Ginnie Mae, then it hits the U.S. taxpayer at a time when he is out of work trying to get a job at McDonald's. If the people don't have the money to relocate, because the only savings they thought they had were in the equity in their homes, their kids can't go to college, they can't support their families, you've got chaos in America because all the jobs went to Mexico.'"

Again, Perot is exaggerating, but few except the most rose-colored globalists would deny that the agreement, as promoted by the Bush administration and by lobbyists close to the Clinton campaign, would disrupt American industry and cause a loss of jobs. Some policy experts argue that it would merely shift lower-level industrial jobs to Mexico, while leaving higher-level jobs such as software design in the United States. But Perot is scornful of these kinds of arguments. "You can't keep the same folks at work creating software that were at work building cars," he told me. "Most of the people in this country have not had this educational opportunity."

Perot has definite opinions and an equally distinct record on other subjects that are central to an American industrial strategy. In 1983-84, for instance, Texas Governor Mark White appointed Perot to head a Special Committee on Public Education. Perot's committee produced recommendations that even today make Bush's and Clinton's initiatives look tame. The most famous and controversial was the "no pass, no play" rule requiring athletes in sports-crazy Texas schools to pass all their courses or be barred from playing on teams. "Athletics and literacy are not equal. If I had to make a choice, it would be easy," Perot told an outraged meeting of the Texas High School Coaches Association in January 1984.

But more important, Perot's committee recommended strengthening teacher credentialing in exchange for pay increases, instituting merit pay increases, eliminating many useless vocational courses, increasing the school day and year, making all Texas students pass statewide tests at the end of the third, eighth, and eleventh grades, reducing class sizes in elementary school, funding full-day kindergarten and pre-school kindergarten for all educationally disadvantaged children, and—most indicative of Perot's approach to racial and ethnic questions—equalizing funding between the wealthiest and poorest school districts.

Perot campaigned vigorously for these recommendations and got about three-fourths of them approved through the legislature. Many are still in place, but some were undermined by White's Republican successor, Bill Clements, and by funding cuts forced by the downturn in the Texas economy. Albert Shanker, the president of the American Federation of Teachers, backed Perot's reform. "He was quite knowledgeable, and he was willing to take on tough issues," Shanker says. Though a Clinton supporter, he also acknowledges that Perot has a "very impressive" grasp of educational issues.

A presidential candidate who has definite views on trade, industry, and education is not simply running on his image, even if he evades specific answers about gun control or California's welfare initiatives. Yet the press insists on ignoring or downgrading key economic issues in describing whether Perot stands for anything. On April 27 John Dillin of *The Christian Science Monitor* charged that Perot's policies "lack the details voters usually demand." Dillin then enumerated ten important issues on which Perot lacked specifics, including illegal drugs, pay raises, and foreign aid. The last two, which got twenty-nine words of an 800-word article, were "competitiveness" and "foreign trade." Likewise, *The Washington Post* devoted a page of its Outlook section to a "Perot Platform." Under its headings it included "affirmative action" and "U.S.-Iraqi Relations," but not Perot's approach to central economic questions.

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Why has the press failed to explore Perot's positions on the economy and education and focused instead on what would appear to be secondary issues? One reason, perhaps, is that for two decades the national press corps has taken an adversarial stand toward presidential nominees. Yet that can't be the whole reason, because Perot's views on trade and industrial policy are the stuff of controversy. The other factor is that many in the press are ignorant of economic issues that don't regularly appear in twenty-point headlines. They don't know GATT from Gallup or SEMATECH from semiotics; they are not aware that Chrysler is the nation's largest private employer of minorities, or that the entertainment business, which is increasingly falling into foreign hands, represents America's second-largest export industry. As a result, they not only have missed the heart of Perot's platform, but also have misjudged his appeal.

Americans have not become enchanted with Perot because he rescued his employees from the clutches of the Ayatollah Khomeini. If Americans simply craved heroes for president, Bob Kerrey would now be the Democratic nominee, and John Glenn rather than Walter Mondale would have been nominated by the Democrats in 1984. Americans see in Perot an industrial genius who, in his words, will "have that car jacked up, the engine out of it, and be working on it and get it back on the road." Perot speaks to their deepest fears and concerns about America in a way that neither Bush nor Clinton does.

There remain ample reasons to be concerned about a Perot presidency even if, like me, you largely agree with his economic views. Perot has repeatedly displayed a hard intolerance toward people who get in his way that could produce the kind of nightmare presidency that we endured two decades ago. Some of Perot's political proposals, such as subjecting tax policy to a popular referendum, verge on the demagogic. But the lack of specific positions on important issues—or the lack of vision!—is not a good reason to oppose Perot. On the contrary, the press and Perot's presidential rivals need to address exactly the kinds of economic issues that Perot has been regularly concerned with. •

The strange journey of Ross Perot.

PEROTNOIA

By Sidney Blumenthal

Ross Perot, the leading candidate in the national polls, has been preceded by a strange trinity of John the Baptists—Patrick Buchanan, Paul Tsongas, and Jerry Brown—anti-politicians all. Perot appears to fulfill their prophetic missions, the straight-talker who delivers hard truths, is wary of foreigners, believes in right and wrong—all right on his side, all wrong on the other. In one sense, he is the oldest version of the anti-politician, convinced that government could be run exactly like a business—his business—if only politics were removed from the balance sheet. But he is a man with no fixed political beliefs and, according to many who have had dealings with him, the temperament of a zealot. Above all, he operates according to the principles of loyalty and betrayal, which he applies mercilessly to everyone but himself. His preferred method is paramilitary. He fervently believes that except for legions of villainous conspirators, we're all innocents betrayed. To Perot, "America Held Hostage" was not the television news show that predated "Nightline," but a summary of his worldview.

Whether from the far right or the far left, Perot is willing to underwrite crackpot schemes as though they were entrepreneurial bright ideas. In 1982 Oliver North, the can-do colonel on Ronald Reagan's National Security Council, went to the can-do businessman with a request for $500,000 in ransom money to bid for Brigadier General James Dozier, abducted in Italy by the Red Brigades. Perot wired the money, though it was later returned because the hostage was saved by the Italian police instead.

In 1984, when the CIA bureau chief in Lebanon was kidnapped, North asked Perot to finance another ransom. With North serving as intermediary, Perot forwarded $200,000 to Hezbollah terrorists and offered $1 million for each released hostage. But the exchange was botched when the terrorists took the advance and ran. Perot blamed North, refusing his later entreaties for money to finance the contras. But North's dealings with Perot—described by the congressional report on the Iran-contra affair as "contrary to United States policy"—gave Perot his earliest idea that he could evade government oversight by acting covertly through private channels.

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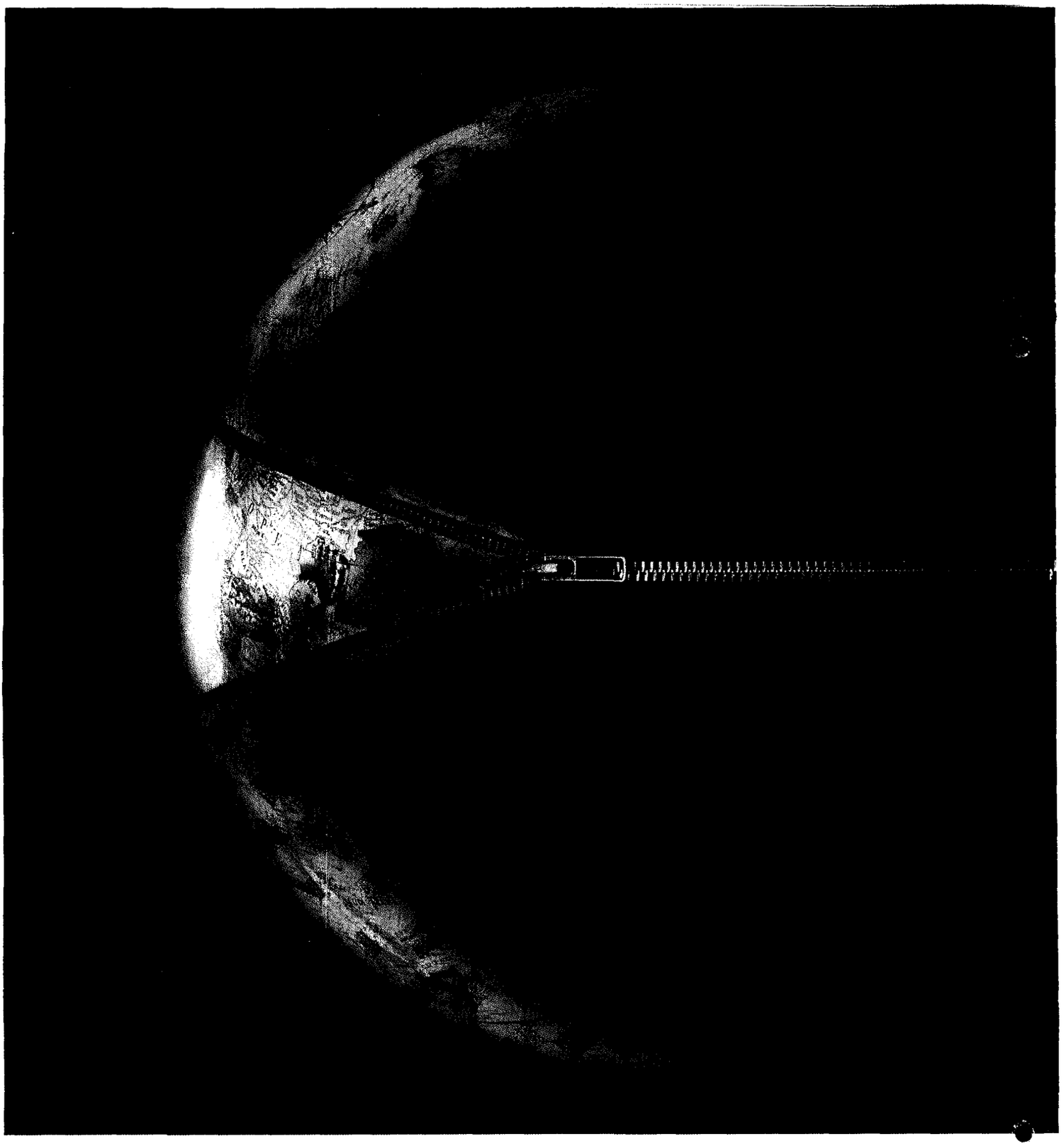

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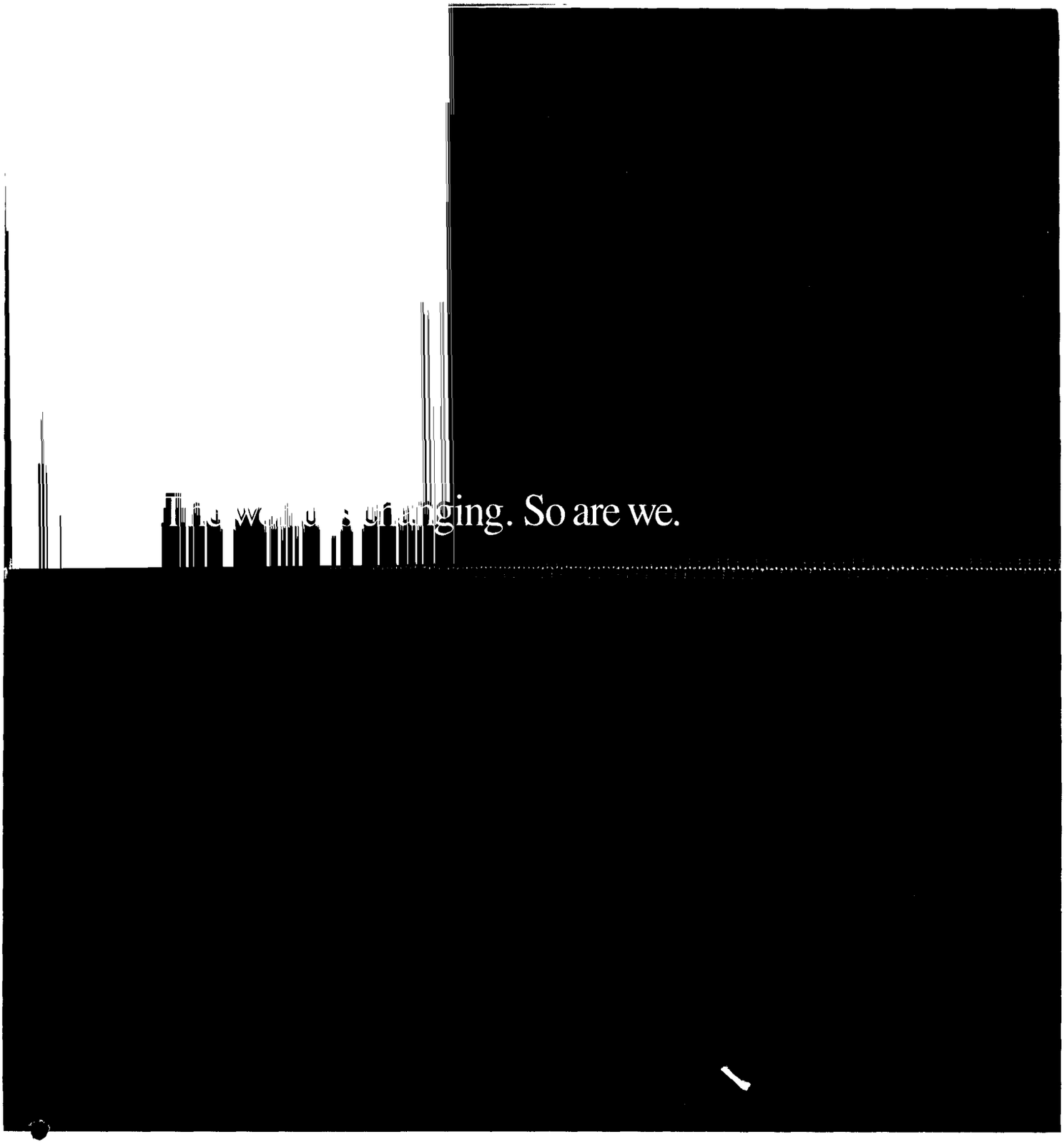

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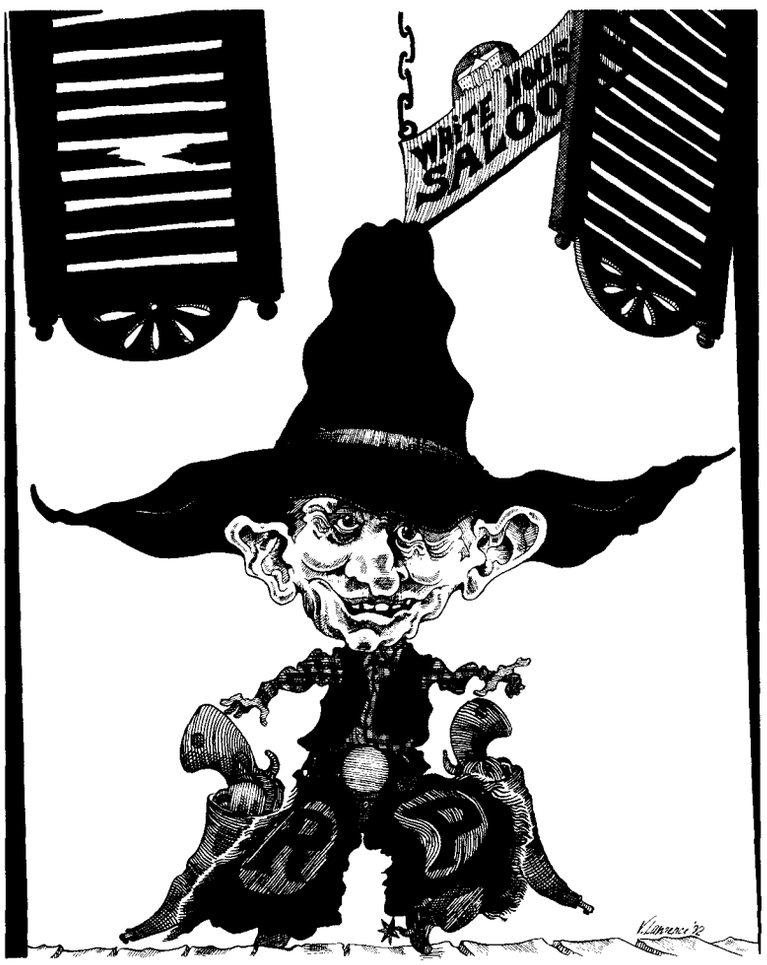
When the Iran-contra scandal was exposed, Perot leapt to North's defense, hailing him for "100 percent integrity." A month later, North wrote in his memoir, *Under Fire,* Perot visited his lawyer, Brendan Sullivan, and attempted to suborn North's testimony: "'Look,' he said, 'why doesn't Ollie just end this thing and explain to the FBI that the president didn't know? If he goes to jail, I'll take care of his family. And I'll be happy to give him a job when he gets out.' That's just like Ross, I thought when I heard about his offer. He thinks money can buy everything. Six days later, Perot was back. This time he met with Brendan and me together, but the message was the same: I should forfeit my Fifth Amendment rights and make a statement that cleared the president." The hostage Perot was now trying to rescue was Ronald Reagan; the question, as he posed it, was price (e.g., ransom). But Perot's loyalties shifted wildly when North exposed the incident last year in his book. Suddenly, Perot claimed North was a liar.



DRAWING BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

At the same moment that he made his offer to North, Perot slalomed effortlessly down the run of another winding trail of conspiracy. Leaving behind the right-wing conspiratorialist North, he sought out a left-wing one: Daniel Sheehan, head of the Christic Institute, a radical group devoted to ferreting out the "secret team" that clandestinely rules the country. The Iran-contra revelations had suddenly given Sheehan and his unproved theories about Ollie & Co. public prominence. "He called me at my office and wanted to talk to me," said Sheehan. Perot explained, according to Sheehan, that he understood the danger posed by "the old boy network" of the CIA that had gone free-lance. "As long as this group is operating, no man could call himself president," Sheehan says Perot told him. (Called for comment, Perot did not respond.)

Perot is always in search of explanations for why the MIAs in Vietnam have not been found, despite extensive official investigations that have always come to the same conclusion: there is no evidence of any living MIAs. Therefore, Perot also demands to know why the government is covering up. In several long sessions together, Sheehan says, he laid out for Perot what he described as the nefarious plot of Richard Armitage, then an assistant secretary of defense, who happened to be assigned to the MIA issue. Armitage, Sheehan elaborated in great detail, had helped finance assassination squads in Vietnam with proceeds from the drug trade. "I explained all of this to Ross," said Sheehan—connection after connection. "When I got through, he said, 'Why don't I go to George Bush? He's like a boy scout and doesn't really know what's going on.'"

The vice president attempted to oblige the Texas billionaire, suggesting that he peruse the files on MIAs from the Pentagon and intelligence agencies. But upon discovering nothing new, Perot asked Bush to do something about the culprit, Armitage. Bush suggested that Perot present his evidence to FBI Director William Webster. (Armitage, in fact, had been an aide in Washington to Senator Robert Dole at the time Perot claimed he was in Asia.) Receiving no satisfaction at the FBI, Perot confronted Armitage himself, demanding that he resign. When this order was not followed, Perot volunteered to David Remnick of *The Washington Post* that the Pentagon was involved in the conspiracy to cover up the truth about the MIAs, offering as proof what he claimed was damaging personal evidence about Armitage. (Sheehan, meanwhile, had filed a suit against Armitage, charging him with involvement with rogue elements of the CIA—a suit thrown out by the judge, who fined Sheehan $1 million in costs and lambasted him for abuse of the judicial system.) Armitage, after a stint as an assistant secretary of state, has been put in charge of Russian aid—which has driven Perot to his intense belief in the perfidy of George Bush. According to *The Wall Street Journal,* Perot even began covertly deploying his own intelligence squads to prove the president's central

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involvement in various conspiracies, including the "October Surprise." And Perot has telephoned Bill Clinton, according to a reliable source in the Clinton campaign, to try to alert him to the conspiracy.

All along, Perot regularly called Sheehan, requesting more information on shadowy figures in the plot. Last month, while Perot was going public as a candidate, he found time for another talk with Sheehan. "He remains convinced," Sheehan told me, "that no man can call himself president so long as these men are in operation." Perot himself, according to *The New York Times* of May 12, "said it was true that friends in the Central Intelligence Agency had warned him that he 'might quietly disappear' for pushing his quest to find missing Americans."

DRAWING BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

What rough beast slouches toward Washington? Perot's road to the White House did not begin in the conspiratorial funhouse of mirrors. He has ingratiated himself to viewers of "Larry King Live," "Donahue," and other venues of the tabloid culture as the incarnation of the myth of rugged individualism—the living pioneer spirit. "That's my life," he tells reporters about the world depicted in the Norman Rockwell paintings he has hung in his office. Yet the ethic he claims to represent cannot truly explain his rise. Behind the kitsch curtain there is a story that is not all simplicity.

The boy from Texarkana, Texas, entered the Naval Academy with great hopes for a military career. But on his first assignment at sea he was demoted because of his difficult personality, a peculiarly rigid willfulness. The Navy, he complained in a letter to his commanders, was "Godless." Perot's father, acting as his first lobbyist, tried to get him out of his obligation two years early. The young sailor left feeling that he had been thwarted by lesser men. Decommissioned, he became an IBM salesman, a supersalesman who exceeded all quotas and figured out that unused time on mainframe computers could be rented. But the giant IBM did not grasp his innovation. He quit in disgust, founding his own firm, Electronic Data Systems, his Brook Farm.

EDS ran along strict paramilitary lines. Almost everyone hired was a veteran. Each wave of employees was given a military name, like "Dirty Dozen." The uniform consisted of white shirt, dark suit, black shoes. Workers were expected to work sixty- to eighty-hour weeks without extra pay—and to think of it as essential to the gung-ho esprit de corps. Discovery of adultery was grounds for dismissal. Lie detector tests were administered. When employees at one unit organized a union, Perot shut it down. He referred to men in blue shirts and foreigners as "sissies," and those who disagreed with him as "limp-wristed."

EDS's first big contract was with Texas Blue Cross-Blue Shield, where Perot was a half-time manager until just before he had arranged the $5 million no-bid contract that federal investigators later called "atrocious," yielding Perot a nearly 200 percent profit margin. Then, with the institution of Medicare and Medicaid, Perot emerged as a post-industrial wheeler-dealer, finagling state contracts for software programs through high-pressure political lobbying and massive political contributions, despite the fact that EDS was often the highest bidder. (His level of contributions escalated until, by 1974, he became the largest individual giver to campaigns in the country.) The greatest threat Perot faced was open competition. But almost overnight, a year after the Texas Blue Cross deal, he had become a billionaire. No one ever managed to profit more from the welfare state than Ross Perot.

He lived, however, in constant fear of losing his contracts and of government investigations. So in 1968, as his company was going public, he aligned himself with Richard Nixon, paying seven of his staffers to work on Nixon's campaign (an expense Perot later successfully deducted from his corporate taxes). Even so, the investigations continued. "One of the first things that came to my attention was that his firm was allegedly over-

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charging [the Social Security Administration]," Robert Finch, who was appointed the secretary of health, education, and welfare, told me. "So we put him on notice that he was suspended until the matter could be checked into. He complained to the White House. Later on, they had the suspension revoked. Perot is a real loose cannon." (A series of congressional investigations in fact revealed consistent overcharging.)

Nixon, as it turned out, had his uses for Perot. He had won the presidency in great part by hinting that he had a plan to end the Vietnam War. But the peace candidate had no real policy either for winning or for withdrawing from the war. As Nixon was drawn in deeper and escalated further, anti-war sentiment mounted. The besieged president countered by manufacturing a movement of his own—the Silent Majority. Then, in a brilliant stroke of public relations, the Nixon White House raised the POW/MIA issue to reverse the imagery of the war at home: now it was the U.S. prisoners and missing who were the victims, the innocents. Perot threw himself into the cause, paying for ads, front groups (Victory in Vietnam Association, United We Stand, etc.), rallies, TV shows. On Christmas Eve he tried to fly tons of food and gifts to the POWs, which the Vietnamese turned away—a smashing p.r. triumph for Nixon. (Perot, incidentally, had taken a pollster from the Gallup organization along with him.) Now he called the White House at least once a week with rescue schemes and demands for instant action, even as he pleaded for special dispensations from the IRS. Inside the administration, Perot came to be seen as a nuisance and possible embarrassment. His efforts, chief of staff H. R. Haldeman wrote in a memo, were of "no tangible benefit." And he declined to invest in political schemes that Nixon suggested. By 1973 Perot was financing his own guerrilla squads to penetrate the jungles of Laos and Vietnam to save the MIAs. He had concluded that the cause had been betrayed by Nixon. Yet his disillusionment was crucial in the development of his politics: the paramilitary method was overlaid with populist appeals to a betrayed Silent Majority.

During the 1970s Perot fixed his crusade on the exploits of a former Green Beret, Arthur "Bull" Simons, who had staged the fruitless raid to free POWs at Son Tay in 1970—the warrior who would, in Perot's dream, at last free the MIAs. (Perot spent a quarter-million dollars for Simons's raiders to party at a San Francisco hotel, with John Wayne and Clint Eastwood flown in as surprise guests.) And Perot bankrolled Simons's jungle forays in search of MIAs, though he returned empty-handed.

In 1978 two EDS employees in Iran were taken prisoner by the government that had overthrown the Shah. EDS had refused to fulfill its obligation to the Iranian social security administration, and the hostages were held for a ransom equal to the amount stipulated in the broken contract. Believing he had been betrayed by Jimmy Carter ("hung out to dry," he said later), though Carter had in fact made no promise, Perot brought in Simons to drill eight former veterans working for EDS into a rescue team. In Tehran they easily entered the prison and staged a jailbreak, releasing the two EDS hostages along with 11,000 other prisoners. Certain facts, however, were missing in the celebration of Perot in Ken Follett's purple-prose account, *On Wings of Eagles*, and in the made-for-TV movie. (The Iranians, for their part, claimed that the escape was arranged by the simple bribery of jail guards.) According to a recent CNN report, the EDS contracts in prerevolutionary Iran were owed to the massive bribery, involving millions of dollars, of one of the Shah's bagmen. Perot's rescue, moreover, exacerbated the tensions between Iran and the United States, contributing to the tensions that led to the seizure of the U.S. Embassy hostages. Nonetheless, Perot's success was juxtaposed in story and song against Carter's frustration: "There are no real-life heroes / Throughout this wretched land / Where are you when we need you, Ross Perot?" went one plaintive country-western lyric.

His Iranian escapade only confirmed his commitment to the MIAs. And Reagan, playing politically to veterans' groups, reopened the issue that Carter had formally declared closed. In 1983 Perot financed a new Rambo—former Green Beret James "Bo" Gritz, who organized a band of mercenaries for an MIA hunt into Laos. (Gritz not only denounced "faint hearts" in the Pentagon, but frequently made racist and anti-Semitic remarks.) Perot himself traveled to Vietnam, where he represented himself to the government there as a negotiator, flourishing multimillion-dollar offers, infuriating the Reagan administration. Perot's funding of Gritz, in the meantime, deeply angered the Laotians and set back talks with U.S. officials for a year. At a congressional hearing in 1986 chaired by Representative Stephen Solarz, Perot testified that he had new witnesses on MIAs, but he never produced a single name, despite constant prodding, and then claimed he had never been asked for them. (On April 30, 1992, Solarz sent him a letter once again requesting names—to which there has been no reply.) When the Reagan administration finally decided there were no more MIAs to be found and Perot's "evidence" about the evil of Armitage was shunted aside, he publicly charged Reagan with "arrogance." Reagan severed all White House relations with Perot.

The formula for Perot's success has also been the formula for his failure. Whenever he encounters a complex organization that demands adaptation and compromise, as opposed to bullying and manipulation, he redoubles his single-mindedness. In 1970, instigated by Nixon administration officials fearful of a stock market panic, Perot purchased a troubled brokerage house, DuPont Glore Forgan. He had no grasp of the culture of Wall Street, sending in EDS executives like shock troops to whip the "lazy" brokers into line. The more stylish mode of dress in New York made Perot think that part of the problem was effeminacy. "I don't

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know whether to kiss him or shake his hand," he said of one fashionably attired executive. Perot's real difficulty, however, lay precisely in his can-do mentality—a linear, one-dimensional view that could not absorb the many levels of information that go into investment. Perot regarded the essential sensibility required for the work as the enemy that must be rooted out. After a mass exodus of brokers, he replaced them with 600 inexperienced ex-veterans. Four years after he bought DuPont it crashed. He lost $70 million, as well as $500 million in one day's bond trading—losses he attempted to recoup by lobbying for special legislation that would give him tax breaks sponsored by members of the House Ways and Means Committee and the Texas congressional delegation on whom he had lavished contributions over the years.

Perot's reputation as a business wizard, however, remained untainted. In 1984 General Motors purchased EDS for $2.5 billion, entranced with the Perot mystique. Perot, presumably, was to supply the electronic brain to the GM body: the gigantic corporation would become more lithe and flexible in meeting the Japanese challenge. After a brief honeymoon, Perot quickly set the scene for divorce. GM was hardly without glaring faults; that was why it had sought out Perot. But he made no sustained effort to bring about reforms within the company, especially after his insistence that the EDS president be paid more than the GM president met opposition. Instead, he publicly attacked his new colleagues, offering homilies and fairly conventional criticism. "Hopelessly naive," said David Davis, the editor of *Automobile* magazine. "Meager vision," wrote Todd Mason of *Business Week*. Having lost the internal politics, Perot took the $750 million that GM paid to be rid of him. Though he signed a contract in which he and GM mutually agreed not to criticize each other in public, or else pay a $7.5 million fine, Perot promptly broke it. GM just let it ride.

Perot was wealthier than ever, but the firm that had been his life's labor was no longer his. So he founded Perot Systems to wage an "all-out war," he said, against his original creation. Most EDS employees wouldn't defect to Perot Systems. And when the EDS "eagles" who had engaged in the Iran rescue mission held a dinner for one of the former hostages, Paul Chiapparone, Perot refused to attend because Chiapparone had declined to leave EDS for Perot Systems—an act Perot considered a betrayal.

For Perot, the presidential campaign presents his greatest sales opportunity. "It's just that simple," is his favorite phrase. The panacea is not so much his positions on the issues as it is he himself—the can-do man. His stances on abortion, gun control, industrial policy, and much else are confused, murky, or sheer boilerplate. His foreign policy, so far, consists of demanding that the Europeans and Japanese pay for $100 billion of the U.S. defense budget. His one big new idea is the abolition of representative democracy. Instant plebiscites—electronic "town halls"—would in effect supplant Congress as the deliberative body. The taxing power, Perot urges, would be removed from Congress and subject to instant polls to advise the executive—exactly the concentration of power the Framers warned against. On "Larry King Live" on April 16 he explained, for example, how he would settle the gun control issue: "We go through television through the town hall, we explain that to the American people, we build a consensus, we pass the laws, and we move on to the next problem." Thus the Madisonian system would be replaced by the Geraldo system; checks and balances by applause meter. This "democracy" is of course susceptible to easy manipulation by populist demagogues and big money—both possibilities Perot uniquely personifies.

Nevertheless, it is hard to run for president without engaging in what many may perceive as political behavior. And can the anti-politician without a partisan base, out on the road with a smile, a shoe shine, and $100 million in loose change, campaign without real press scrutiny? In every state where he secured a lucrative government contract, from California to New York, there is an unpretty tale of influence for the local media to unearth, if they will. The image of Perot the outsider—a stranger to the unsavory ways of Washington—may be altered by the details of the important role played by his decades-long chief Washington lobbyist and fixer, Carl Arnold. In response, to be sure, Perot will lash out. "Ross Perot is very paranoid. He makes Mario Cuomo look like he has thick skin," said a prominent Texas politician who has known him long. What effect the collision of fact and myth will have on Perot's movement, the largest UFO cult in American history, is the great unknown.

Perot does not fall into the familiar patterns of third-party candidates. (For one thing, he is not trying to construct a party.) He is neither the good government reformer (John Anderson) nor the Dixiecrat (George Wallace). But Perot does fit into another tradition, that of the eccentric self-made millionaire. Not really since Henry Ford has a similar figure appeared. Like Ford, he is a crusader with a confusion of conspiracies swirling around in his head. For all his novelty, Perot is really an archetype from the 1920s, playing on Coolidge-era values to advance his authoritarian corporatism, which evokes the 1930s.

Of course it's far too soon to write the epitaph of one who is hailed today as a messiah by a plurality of the voters. But historically this sort of figure has been rejected for the same reasons he is popular. Each strength of Perot's character has its jagged side: the righter of wrongs who carries out vendettas; the successful entrepreneur who can't function in any situation he can't completely control; the man of convictions who's paranoid; the one who believes in merit but wins through intimidation; the fearless one who is on all sides of controversial questions; the one who knows best who's an ignoramus; the worshiper of the Founding Fathers who hires soldiers of fortune; the loyalist who betrays his loyalists; the patriot who wants to scrap the American system of government. •

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BOOKS & The Arts

Stanley Kauffmann on Films

Farewell and Hail

What is a hero? One definition: Satyajit Ray. His protracted death last month, news of which arrived just as his *Branches of the Tree* appeared here, concluded a courageous life. Like tens of thousands around the world, I felt through the years that, whatever the many ebbs and occasional flows of film integrity, Ray was off there in Calcutta working—succeeding, sometimes succeeding less, but living in art. For him, it wasn't at all a matter of not selling out. Although he had offers from Hollywood and elsewhere, his persistence at his own work was not noble resistance of temptation. It was the highest form of self-indulgence. He did what he wanted to do.

He was born in 1921 into a family active in several arts and finished his education at the "world university" founded by Rabindranath Tagore, who was a friend of his father and grandfather. During World War II Ray was constrained to take a job with a British-run advertising agency in Calcutta and became its art director. He stayed there for ten years, toward the end of which Jean Renoir arrived in Calcutta to make *The River*. Ray called on him, proposed himself as a location scout, and assisted Renoir as much and as often as he could.

Ray was fond of a novel by Bibhutibhusan Banerjee called *Pather Panchali* and stored it away in his mind as a possible project for the filmmaking he wanted to try. At this time his agency sent him to its London office for a six-month stay. Later he said:

> Within three days of arriving I saw *Bicycle Thieves*. I knew immediately that if I ever made *Pather Panchali* . . . I would make it in the same way, using natural locations and unknown actors.

As for method: "Simplicity of plot allows for intensive treatment. . . . De Sica, and not DeMille, should be [the Indian filmmaker's] ideal." In fact, although he later used well-known actors, he was more consistently faithful to that ideal than his exemplar.

When Ray returned to Calcutta, he took the plunge into a life of filmmaking, prepared a script of *Pather Panchali*, and tried to set to work. The details of the difficulties and discouragements and delays are too many to recount. I note only that much of the work had to be done on weekends and during vacations because many of the friends who helped him were holding down other jobs. In 1955, five years later, the film was finished.

I thought of this five-year struggle when I read in Ray's obituary that the state of West Bengal would give him high funeral honors and had declared a state holiday for the occasion. It's no longer ironic, it's simply a fact of existence that a society does much to impede an artist or scientist or intellectual, especially at the beginning, and then climbs on the bandwagon, or funeral train, at the end. True, Ray got some financial assistance from the government for *Pather Panchali*, but they kept every penny of foreign revenue from the picture and they tried to get him to give the film an upbeat ending. Ray withstood the pressure. Now the government declares a holiday in his honor, and India will probably put his face on a postage stamp.

Ray made more than thirty films; here is the last of them. **The Stranger** (NFD) is representative Ray. It uses a simple, rather familiar plot—the mysterious visitor—and makes it fresh chiefly by paying little attention to it, by concentrating on the people as such. The first thing we see is an envelope addressed to a woman. She is a well-to-do Calcuttan woman with a husband and small son, and she learns from the letter that an uncle she hasn't seen or heard from in thirty years is coming to visit.

Her husband immediately suspects that the uncle is a phony; but phony or not, he must be after a share of a family inheritance that is being held in escrow and that they would otherwise get. The uncle appears sooner than expected, stays with them, and proceeds on a course of charm and domination. He has traveled widely, including America, he says, and has spent much of his life with primitive tribes. After various quizzes of him, subtle and less subtle, through all of which he is unfazed and poised, he suddenly disappears.

The family tracks him to the country home of the guardian of the legacy. The uncle has got his money but is pleased to see them and takes them to a dance festival in a nearby village—people descended from the earliest inhabitants of India. The dancing is so moving that the niece herself joins in.

Very soon the uncle is on his way again, wandering around the world. He

FILMS WORTH SEEING

Casablanca. *Fiftieth birthday reissue—and it looks 50, in an enriched and captivating way. (Reviewed 5/4/92)* **Howards End.** *A blend of the epic and the lyric, as in Forster's novel, exquisitely acted by Vanessa Redgrave, Emma Thompson, Anthony Hopkins, Helena Bonham Carter, and more. (3/23/92)* **November Days.** *Marcel Ophuls's latest documentary explores East and West Germany in the month that the Wall fell. Fascinating. Look for it in the Human Rights Watch film festival. (6/1/92)* **Raspad.** *Fiction woven around the Chernobyl disaster by a Kiev filmmaker. The fiction is slight, the re-creation of the disaster blood-chilling. (5/18/92)* **—SK**

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leaves an envelope with his niece that, as he requests, she opens only after he leaves. It contains a check for his entire share of the legacy, made out to her. Thus the film ends as it begins, with a letter from this uncle.

Two themes are apparent. The first—Ray said that Lévi-Strauss had affected him—is the joining of modern people with the ancient essences of their culture. But much more fully developed is the theme of the uncle's identity. It is never conclusively proved that he is who he claims to be. When the film is finished, this ambiguity is less important than the fact that he appeared, had a beneficent effect, and moved on. If Ray is not implying a mystical visitant in hearty, vernacular guise, he is saying something about mundane guardedness and suspicion, about the maiming of openness in modern life.

Prominent in the cast is Utpal Dutt, who has worked with Ray before. Dutt, an influential leader in the radical theater movement of Bengal, plays the uncle with the chordal quality of a man who is simultaneously overbearing and winning.

Ray wrote the pleasant score as well as, of course, the screenplay, and directed at his best, which is to say his most confidently simple. The camera becomes just another occupant of the room. (Except for a few sequences near the end, the film takes place indoors.) Editing is never done for effect, only to assist natural flow. Occasionally Ray moves the camera slowly away from or toward a speaker, but always for an intrinsic reason, never merely for variety. He himself said that his later work consisted of chamber-music films. The term is apt.

The Stranger, like *Branches of the Tree*, was first presented at the Walter Reade Theater in New York for a limited engagement. Both films ought to be seen by the audience—it does exist in this country—that would be moved and heartened by them. •

Sense and Censorship

BY MICHAEL SCAMMELL

Orwell: The Authorized Biography by Michael Shelden

(HarperCollins, 497 pp., $25)

Few writers of this century have been as thoroughly canonized as George Orwell. He is one of that very small group whose names have been turned into household adjectives. "Orwellian" stands with "Kafkaesque" as a kind of shorthand for those forces of blind oppression and coercion that have dominated so much of our century, that both writers did so much to expose. In hugely different ways, of course: Orwell was the self-consciously political writer of the two. Indeed, politics lay at the very heart of his creativity, and his whole adult life was devoted to an exploration of its limits and possibilities. He was an eagle-eyed observer of the political processes of his time, a profoundly committed and outspoken commentator on the beliefs and the prejudices that governed those processes, a sharp critic of the writings and behavior of his contemporaries during the 1930s and 1940s.

This outspokenness made him many ideological enemies during his lifetime. Since his death in 1950, however, his popularity has grown exponentially, so that he is now universally hailed as a prophet, and a political genius of the first order. This consensus may have something to do with the perceived decency of Orwell, reinforced as it was by an English reticence and modesty in personal matters that belied the fierceness of his polemical prose and impressed itself on all who knew him. Richard Rees, an old friend, was not alone in calling him "almost saintly" in his daily life.

Of greater consequence has been the rush by pundits of both right and left to clothe themselves in the robes of "Saint George." To the right he has been overwhelmingly, if not exclusively, the author of the two last books that made him famous, *Animal Farm* and *1984*, that is to say, a tribune of anti-communism and a patron saint of the cold war. To the left he was above all the author of such early books of searing social criticism as *Down and Out in Paris and London*, *The Road to Wigan Pier*, and *Burmese Days*, not to speak of the essays in which he defended the rights of the downtrodden and called for a new socialist order. In between, and largely ignored by the pundits, came the unsuccessful novels and that enigmatic work on the Spanish Civil War, *Homage to Catalonia*, which seemed to point both ways at once.

It was not unusual, of course, for writers of Orwell's generation to make the journey from youthful unorthodoxy to middle-aged conformity, or, in political terms, from early socialism or communism to later conservatism. Orwell was virtually unique, however, in avoiding extremes in his oscillation between the left and the right. Unlike most of his peers, he never got seriously involved with the Communist Party, nor did he ever become a conservative or a right-wing anti-Communist in the usual sense of that term. He was an English patriot and a lover of traditional values even while calling for socialism to overthrow the tyranny of the bourgeoisie (Cyril Connolly, a friend from prep school days, called him "a revolutionary in love with the 1900s"), and he sided with the proletariat and the working class even while pillorying Communists and the excesses of totalitarian party rule. He was never a conformist.

In short, Orwell's complexity was not of the kind we usually associate with political writers at all, and it was understandable for a literary aesthete like Connolly, though quite wrong, to urge Orwell to abandon politics and to devote himself to writing novels. For it was precisely in his political writing that Orwell found himself. As he observed in his essay "Why I Write" in 1946, "I see that it is invariably where I lacked a *political* purpose that I wrote lifeless books." In the same essay he commented that he had striven most "to make political writing into an art"; and the paradox is that it was precisely in his political writing that he demonstrated the values of literary modernism (which he admired every bit as much as Connolly), whereas in the novels his "modernism" was contrived and unconvincing. Hence the nuanced richness of his political thought that defies easy classification by labels of "left" or "right," and hence, too, the difficulty of pigeonholing him either as thinker or writer.

A sign of this complexity is the amazing proliferation of books of biography, criticism, and commentary devoted to the task of understanding and categorizing him. These products of a flourishing Orwell industry continue to multiply by leaps and bounds, and now occupy four times as much space on library shelves as the not inconsiderable works of Orwell himself. The latest is a new book by the American scholar Michael Shelden, who cites Orwell's complexity, plus his own

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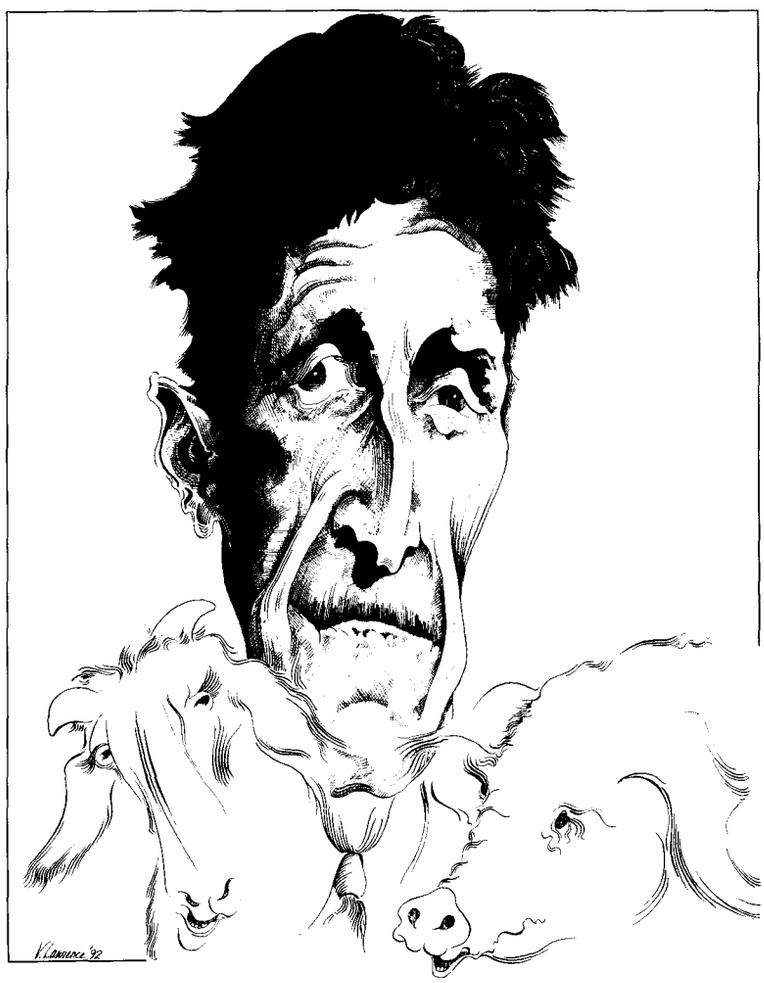
dissatisfaction with the works that have appeared to date, as his reason for undertaking yet another biographical study of Orwell. Shelden's aim is both to offer the fruit of his own researches on Orwell's life and to provide a kind of summation of everything that has emerged so far.

The work that Shelden's book is bound to be compared with is Bernard Crick's *George Orwell, a Life*, a monumental biography published only ten years ago to wide acclaim. And some will remember that Crick was preceded by Peter Stansky and William Abrahams, whose two books, *The Unknown Orwell* (1972) and *Orwell: the Transformation* (1979), laid down the essential outlines of Orwell's life up to his Spanish adventures in 1937. It appears, however, that Orwell biographers are a curmudgeonly crew. Crick, a political scientist whose book was commissioned by Orwell's widow, Sonia, partly as a response to Stansky and Abrahams's unauthorized excavations, was decidedly sniffy about his two predecessors while drawing freely on their pioneering work. Shelden is even sniffier about Crick, criticizing him for pedantry and impersonality, and pillorying his laborious method of marshaling often contradictory sources and refusing to adjudicate between them.

Shelden's approach, while not particularly original ("a biography must have a strong narrative and provide some sense of the human character behind the public face"), is sufficiently distinct from that of Crick or Stansky and Abrahams not to need apologies or special pleading. In the context of recent historical developments, moreover, Shelden's timing is extremely felicitous, for the question of Orwell's stature has taken on a new interest and relevance in the light of the recent changes in the East.

Whatever one's opinion of Orwell's position between left and right, it cannot be denied that the postwar political struggle between the two superpowers contributed enormously to the growth of his reputation. From this point of view, the timing of his two last and most famous books was crucial. *Animal Farm* came out in 1945, and *1984* in 1949, and together they swiftly acquired a reputation as uniquely authoritative guides to, and commentaries on, life in a totalitarian Soviet Union. Now the Soviet Union is no more, and totalitarian society survives (for how much longer?) only in China, Cuba, and North Korea. How will Orwell's reputation fare with communism crumbling and the cold war gone? Will *Animal Farm* and *1984* retain their status as classics, or will they fade with the historical and political circumstances that contributed so much to their creation? And if they do, what of the "socialist" Orwell? Will the early books fade too, or will they take on fresh relevance in a post-Communist (and postmodern) era?



GEORGE ORWELL BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

Shelden does not set out to answer these questions directly, but his fluently written life provides an excellent foundation for the reader to attempt to answer them for himself. Shelden states in his introduction that the aim of the biographer should be "to look at the world through his subject's eyes and to convey that experience to the reader" through "an extension of sympathy and imagination." This he pretty much succeeds in doing, especially in the first half of his book, devoted to Orwell's early development as a man and a writer. Shelden is treading ground well worn by his predecessors here, yet his account of the progress of the young Eric Blair (Orwell's real name) through prep school, Eton, and service in the Indian Imperial police is surefooted and judicious, and gains considerably from Shelden's assiduity in tracking down new sources, or creatively interviewing some of the old ones, to gain a new perspective. Shelden also produces a persuasive account of Blair's literary apprenticeship, which coincided with his bitter disillusionment with British rule in Burma (then a part of India), his resignation from the police and return to England, and his seemingly quixotic decision to immerse himself in the "lower depths" of Paris and London, which led to the publication of his first book, *Down and Out in Paris and London*, in 1933.

This was a fateful step in the life of an upper-class ex-public schoolboy and ex-colonial officer. It seems that Orwell was influenced in his decision to explore the life of the poor by Jack London's similar experiment at the turn of the century, which had resulted in *People of the Abyss*, a favorite book of Orwell's, and by his reading of Shaw and Wells. But a contributing factor was certainly a natural, instinctive sympathy for the downtrodden, which had been developed and intensified by his experiences in Burma, where he came to hate his role as an "oppressor" of the British empire's colonial subjects. Indeed, Burma was to be the subject of his first novel, *Burmese Days* (1934), in which Orwell described the increasing disillusionment of the protagonist with colonialism in terms a touch too autobiographical and raw to make for successful fiction, although some of its documentary pages were very powerful.

At this period Orwell regarded himself primarily as a fiction writer, and went on to write two more novels during the

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mid-'30s: *A Clergyman's Daughter* and *Keep the Aspidistra Flying*. Both dealt with middle-class characters who have difficulty reconciling themselves to conventional lives and who drop out for a while before returning to a middle-class existence, and both had large dollops of autobiography in them. Both also had pretensions to modernism, which Orwell recognized as the dominant literary mode of the time and had begun to write about as a reviewer for the British literary magazine *Adelphi*.

A Clergyman's Daughter in particular was written under the direct influence of Joyce, whose *Ulysses* Orwell had smuggled in from Paris (it was still banned in England as obscene) and admired to distraction. "I rather wish I had never read it," he wrote to a friend around this time:

> It gives me an inferiority complex. When I read a book like that and then come back to my own work, I feel like a eunuch who has taken a course in voice production and can pass himself off fairly well as a bass or baritone, but if you listen closely you can hear the good old squeak just the same as ever.

Keep the Aspidistra Flying was even less successful (Orwell later dismissed it as a potboiler), but it did contain some effective polemics about a "civilization founded on greed and fear" and the "cynical and hoggish money code" by which most people lived.

The bitterness that reviewers rightly detected in *Aspidistra* reflected Orwell's desperation as an impecunious and struggling writer, who was too poor to propose to a young woman he had recently fallen in love with. Eileen O'Shaughnessy was a self-contained and mature young woman who had once had her own business, and she was studying for an M.A. in psychology at London University when Orwell met her. She was from the professional middle class but was no better off than he was at the time of their romance. It was the middle of the Great Depression—popularly known as "the slump" in England—when millions of men were out of work, the streets were full of beggars, and even the middle class led a pinched and squeezed existence: no time to be a struggling free-lance writer. Thus there was a certain aptness in his first publishers' commission, which was to travel to the industrial north of England and write a report on the effects of unemployment and poverty on the lives of the working class.

The result was *The Road to Wigan Pier*, Orwell's second work of autobiographical reportage, which appeared in 1937. It was, as Shelden makes clear, a breakthrough book in every way. For a start, it was a superb piece of documentary realism, in which Orwell described firsthand the hellish and dangerous lives of the coal miners, the squalid and unsanitary houses to which the families of the working class were confined, the disease and the hunger and the privation that were the everyday accompaniments of millions of ordinary people, whether they were employed or not, and above all the utter, degrading demoralization of being out of work and on the dole. The book was also packed with facts, figures, statistics, and tables to provide objective confirmation, as it were, of the bleak picture painted by his prose. The whole added up to a devastating indictment of British society that fully justified its choice by Orwell's publisher, Victor Gollancz, for distribution by his recently established Left Book Club, which was to cater to left-wing subscribers. In the event, it sold more than 46,000 copies and established Orwell as a writer to be reckoned with.

It was also the book in which Orwell "found himself" as a creative writer, particularly in the more philosophical and political second part, in which he mused on his own past experiences and compared them with what he had seen "up north." Here Orwell analyzed that eternal British obsession, the class structure,

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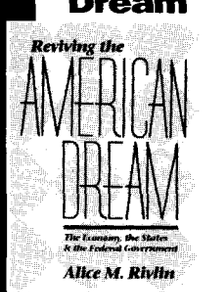

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describing his own background as "lower-upper-middle class," which he determined on the basis of his father's modest income. "Nevertheless," wrote Orwell, "the essential point about the English class system is that it is *not* entirely explicable in terms of money. Roughly speaking, it is a money-stratification, but it is also interpenetrated by a sort of shadowy caste system; rather like a jerry-built modern bungalow haunted by medieval ghosts." He went on to describe the effect of this caste system on his school years, when he was "an odious little snob" but poorer than most of his fellows and therefore resentful:

> On the one hand it made me cling tighter than ever to my gentility; on the other hand it filled me with resentment against the boys whose parents were richer than mine and who took care to let me know it. I despised anyone who was not describable as a "gentleman," but also I hated the hoggishly rich.... The correct and elegant thing, I felt, was to be of gentle birth but to have no money. This is part of the *credo* of the lower-upper-middle class. It has a romantic, Jacobite-in-exile feeling about it which is very comforting.

That last sentence, undercutting the hint of self-righteousness that runs through the rest of this passage, was what we have since come to recognize as the authentic voice of the mature Orwell. In *The Road to Wigan Pier*, Orwell succeeded in breaking through to a form of mixed autobiography and journalism that was much more suited to his talent than autobiographical fiction. In it he found that individual tone of voice, polemical and sharp, yet at the same time self-deprecating and candid, that henceforth would be unmistakably his. Forty years later Tom Wolfe was to claim autobiographical reportage as an invention of the "New Journalism" in America, forgetting that Orwell had gotten there first.

Orwell had also found socialism, which was Gollancz's reason for publishing the book, but Orwell's approach to socialism turned out to be as candid and idiosyncratic as his attitude to everything else. Part two of *Wigan Pier* contained a merciless analysis of English socialism that might well have been written by a die-hard Tory, but in the end Orwell supported socialism as the only possible answer to fascism. Even so, he was not spared the wrath of Gollancz, who wrote a special foreword to the Left Book Club edition disclaiming some of Orwell's more controversial views, and later issued part one of the book on its own, leaving out the reflections on socialism altogether. Orwell also incurred the wrath of the Communist Party, which was very strong in British left-wing circles in the '30s, so that when civil war broke out in Spain in 1937, and Orwell decided to oppose fascism in deed as well as by words, the Party refused to supply him with the necessary recommendation, and he was obliged to turn to the Independent Labor Party for help.

By now Orwell had earned enough from his royalties to marry Eileen O'Shaughnessy, but marriage didn't stop him from rushing off to Spain as soon as he could, and Eileen not only did not try to stop him, but herself got a job with the ILP office in Barcelona and traveled out to join him. He became an active soldier, fought at the front in Catalonia, and displayed great personal bravery in more than three months of service, until a sniper's bullet pierced his throat and he was evacuated to Barcelona for treatment. He was eventually declared unfit for further service and returned to England.

Not surprisingly, Orwell's Spanish experiences led to another book of autobiographical reportage, *Homage to Catalonia*, in which he tried not only to describe his own experiences, but to expose the horrible political infighting that had gone on behind the lines between the Communists, who were being manipulated by Stalin, and the other socialist contingents who had fought alongside the Communist-dominated International Brigade. All this was described in his book, but it was met with a chorus of denials from the left in Britain, and he learned that an active campaign to discredit him had been launched by the Communist Party based on an alleged statement in *The Road to Wigan Pier* to the effect that "the working classes smell." What he had actually said was that "middle-class people are brought up to *believe* that the working classes 'smell,'" which was quite a different thing, and he emphasized this in an indignant letter to Gollancz. But he realized quite clearly that this campaign of disinformation was aimed not at *Wigan Pier* as such, but at his credibility as a witness on the events in Spain.

Gollancz refused to publish *Homage to Catalonia* on the grounds that it was too critical of the Communists, and it was brought out by Warburg instead. In fact it was not as good a book as *The Road to Wigan Pier*, and despite some favorable reviews it sold very badly. But its best pages confirmed that Orwell's talent flourished when he mixed autobiography and reportage with personal observation and commentary, and it was this combination that contributed so much to the success of the wonderful series of mature essays and reviews that he was to begin writing in 1939 and continue until his death. It can be said that Orwell was instrumental in reviving the genre of the essay in English. It is also worth noting that he anticipated the modern preoccupation of semioticians and literary critics with popular culture. His pieces on "Boys' Weeklies," "Good Bad Books," "Raffles and Miss Blandish," "The Art of Donald McGill," and "The Decline of the English Murder" were the first by a prominent English author to take such "trivial" subjects seriously. Most of them appeared first in Connolly's pioneering magazine *Horizon*, and were collected and published in book form in 1940 as *Inside the Whale*, the title of a long article on Henry Miller.

One curious feature of Orwell's essays was the fierce patriotism and love of English tradition that they revealed, unusual in such a strong supporter of socialism, for socialism gloried in its internationalism (which Orwell had also supported by going to Spain). And his exaltation of the pedestrian virtues of daily English life was not just a literary pose. Already in 1936 he had moved to a primitive seventeenth-century cottage in Wallington, thirty-five miles north of London, and reopened the village store that had once occupied the premises. He gloried in the fact that the cottage had no electricity, no hot water, and no indoor toilet, somehow perceiving sterling yeoman values in these privations. (Eileen, too, was expected to share these values when Orwell took her there after their marriage.) He took up gardening, kept a goat for milk, and even later, after moving to London, raised chickens in his backyard and furnished a workshop in his basement so that he could practice carpentry and build homemade furniture.

Orwell spent the first half of the war working for the Indian Service of the BBC. When war was declared, he had rushed to enlist, feeling passionate about the need to resist fascism in the most direct and active way, but was turned down on medical grounds. He then joined the Home Guard, a sort of defense militia consisting of men and women too old or unfit for active service, and threw himself into organizing his local battalion in London, while writing a series of articles and pamphlets on this subject. In one of them he urged the government to "arm the people," envisioning a sort of urban guerrilla force similar to those he had seen in Spain, and in another he wrote: "That rifle hanging on the wall of the working-class flat or laborer's cottage is the symbol of democracy. It is our job to see that it stays there."

In the event the Home Guard never

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The Balanced Budget Amendment

By Albert Shanker, President of the American Federation of Teachers

The idea of a constitutional amendment requiring a balanced budget has been floating around Congress for a number of years, but it's never had the votes to get through. Now, all of a sudden, we hear that it's going to pass overwhelmingly in the House and the Senate. How come?

Maybe the Democrats are tired of being called big spenders. They know that if President Bush had wanted to cut spending because he was worried about the deficit, he could have vetoed the spending bills that crossed his desk. After all, Congress has not yet overridden any of his vetoes. Maybe the Democrats think the balanced budget amendment is a way of giving the President a taste of his own medicine because it will force him to make some unpleasant choices between higher taxes and drastic and unpopular cuts in government programs.

It's also certain that members of Congress don't want to go home in an election year without doing something to make themselves look good. Their constituents have given unmistakable signs of being disgusted with the national government. So Congress is rushing to amend the Constitution for the sake of image control.

The proposed amendment says that the government's income and outlay will have to be balanced every year, which will mean raising taxes, cutting expenditures or a combination of the two. Raising taxes will require (depending on whose version of the amendment passes) a majority of both houses or a three-fifths majority of both houses. Unbalancing the budget, except in cases of armed conflict, will also require this three-fifths majority. That sounds straightforward enough, but it raises many more questions than it answers.

Merely adding words to the Constitution will not make it easier to cut spending or raise taxes.

For example, what makes us think a balanced budget amendment will change anything? If the President and Congress had had the guts to make the hard choices that are necessary, the country wouldn't be looking at a national debt of over $3 trillion. Merely adding words to the Constitution will not make it easier for them to cut spending or raise taxes. As a matter of fact, passing a balanced budget amendment, which will have to be ratified by the states, will allow the President and Congress to put off dealing with the deficit *now*. They'll have an excuse to wait a couple more years—until they can hand the problem to somebody else. By then, of course, the country will be in much worse shape than it is now.

And when that day comes, what will keep the new President and Congress from using the creative accounting strategies that are already familiar from the 1980s—like presenting wildly optimistic economic assumptions as hard truth, financing programs "off budget" or enacting programs now and arranging to pay for them later? If they need more hints about how to play this kind of shell game, they will be able to get them from states that already have—and regularly evade—balanced budget requirements.

If Congress and the President make an honest attempt to follow the terms of the amendment, there are likely to be serious constitutional problems. We don't know how to project expenses a year in advance with any accuracy; yet that's what the balanced budget amendment requires. Suppose Congress is accused of failing to comply with the amendment. Presumably it will be up to the courts to decide if the economic projection made by the Congress is constitutional, but are the courts any better qualified to make and judge economic projections than Congress? And if they find that Congress is contravening the balanced budget amendment, will the members all go to jail? Will the government cease operating? Nobody can answer questions like these because nobody knows how the balanced budget amendment would work.

And what if some kind of emergency comes up? In times of recession, the government generally spends more money in order to stimulate the economy. This strategy can be expected to unbalance the budget, but it's a way of stabilizing the economy. Will we be sacrificing the kind of flexibility that makes us able to move and move quickly on this kind of thing? What about situations like the Los Angeles riots and the Chicago flood?

The country has managed very well without a balanced budget amendment for more than 200 years. Sometimes the budget has not been balanced, but over a period of two, three or four years, things have been kept in balance—that is until the last 10 years. Now, to deal with a problem that has become serious only during the Reagan and Bush administrations, Congress and the President are trying to push through a mechanical solution, a constitutional amendment that is generally viewed as unenforceable—and dangerous if it can be enforced.

Voters are worried about the country. They are worried about what the savings-and-loan bailout is costing; they are worried about a national debt that continues to grow and already eats up one-seventh of our national budget simply to pay the interest. But a constitutional amendment requiring a balanced budget will not solve these problems. The people who are rushing to pass it are trying to make themselves look good at the same time as they give themselves an excuse to do nothing about a problem that is threatening the future of our country. Instead of trying to pull the wool over the eyes of the American public, why don't they start doing their job? Why don't they offer us some real leadership? *Now.*

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got to fight, while he himself was confined to conducting psychological warfare against the Germans and the Japanese through his talks and features, though there were pitifully few Indians with shortwave radio sets to justify the British government's expenditure. In time Orwell also realized somewhat ruefully that the propaganda that he was producing was not the sort to promote the interests of the working class, but reflected those of the ruling class, which went against the grain of almost everything he stood for. Toward the end of 1943, therefore, he resigned from the BBC and began writing book reviews for the Sunday *Observer*. He also became literary editor of the independent left-wing weekly *Tribune*, which was socialist in orientation but not dominated by the Communists, and (at Clement Greenberg's suggestion) began contributing London Letters to *Partisan Review*.

It was around that time that Orwell started work on the short book that was to make him famous. He had had the idea of writing something about Stalinism ever since his experiences in Spain, when he had witnessed firsthand the way in which an entire revolutionary movement had been taken over by a dictatorship based a thousand miles away. He also despised the way in which the English left had been taken in by the myth of the Soviet revolution and was prepared to turn a blind eye to the evil of Stalin's purges and show trials. And he had himself been pilloried as a class enemy because of his refusal to share in the blindness. Even in bourgeois Britain the Communists were exercising an influence that was out of all proportion to their numbers or to the real strength of their ideas, and this influence was intensified by the fact that the Soviet Union had become an ally in the struggle against Nazism. Orwell, meanwhile, had also not given up on his old dream of finally writing a successful novel, and in the allegory (the book was subtitled "a fairy tale") that he produced about a bunch of farm animals who at first conduct a successful revolt against their exploitative master and then get taken over by an even more exploitative group of pigs, he at last found a way to let his genius for political analysis dictate a suitable fictional form.

Animal Farm was quite different in genre from *Wigan Pier* and his essays, but it was informed by the same fierce devotion to justice and hatred of oppressors that had inspired all his best work. "All animals are equal but some are more equal than others" summed up the sophistry of the Bolsheviks and made the betrayal of their revolutionary ideals crystal clear. The book was finished in the summer of 1944, but it immediately ran into difficulties with publishers. Gollancz rejected it out of hand, on the grounds that it was disloyal to an ally (the Soviet Union) and "played into the hands of the Nazis." Three others turned it down for more or less the same reason, including T. S. Eliot at Faber and Faber, who had the distinction of also rejecting *Down and Out in Paris and London*.

When *Animal Farm* was finally published by Secker and Warburg a year later, in August 1945, it had been deliberately held up until the war in Europe was over so that any offense to Stalin did not matter. It was an instant success in Britain, selling ten times the usual number for one of Orwell's books, and in the United States it was a colossal best seller, with sales of more than half a million. Edmund Wilson compared its author to Voltaire and Swift (a boyhood idol of Orwell's), and declared that it was time to reconsider Orwell and regard him as a major writer of the times.

Orwell was at the zenith of his career, yet that career was already being overshadowed by tragic developments in his personal life. In 1943 his mother had suddenly died of heart failure. In 1944 Orwell, who passionately wanted children but believed himself to be sterile, had persuaded his reluctant wife to give up her job at the Ministry of Food and adopt a baby son. She did, but in March 1946, before the child was 2 years old, she died on the operating table while undergoing a hysterectomy. Meanwhile Orwell himself was suffering from a recurrence of lifelong problems with his lungs. Even as a baby he had endured bronchitis, and later he was discovered to have defective bronchial tubes and a lesion in one lung. By the time he was 28 he had had four bouts of pneumonia, each more serious than the last, and in 1937, at the age of 32, he had been hospitalized for several weeks with suspected tuberculosis. (Given the state of British medicine at the time, it could never be confirmed.) Ten years later, when he was in the middle of what was to be his last and finest novel, *1984*, tuberculosis was finally diagnosed as being the cause of his troubles, and despite treatment with the best available drugs, he died eighteen months later, in January 1950, six months after *1984* had been published and taken the literary world by storm.

1984 was undoubtedly Orwell's crowning achievement. It had a prophetic force that was to resonate ever more richly with each new generation of readers. A world divided into three great powers (Oceania, Eurasia, and Eastasia in the novel) perpetually at war with one another has not been difficult to recognize in the modern era, even if that war has been "cold" rather than hot. But will future generations brought up in a post-Communist, post-cold war world read of these things with that same chill of recognition that we do today, and that marks our encounters with all literature that transcends the ephemeral to touch us at the deepest level of our experience?

We cannot know for sure, of course, and Shelden pretty much ignores the question in his biography, perhaps because he takes a positive answer for granted. His treatment of both the last novels is surprisingly perfunctory. Still, it is possible to construct an answer to this question, and one that might also solve the riddle of Orwell's "left" or "right" orientation.

The place to look, it would seem, is not so much at the obvious political targets of *1984*, but rather at its sources, for the point is, as Shelden rightly indicates, that the roots of Orwell's nightmarish vision were firmly rooted in his own personal past. Winston Smith, the protagonist of *1984*, is clearly related to Orwell's earlier middle-class heroes and to Orwell himself, with his nostalgia for an English "golden age" and his yearning for the more innocent world of his Edwardian childhood. Smith's romance with Julia also echoes themes from Orwell's life and earlier works, while Smith's championing of the "proles" (proletarians) exactly parallels Orwell's preoccupation with the rights of the working class.

Somewhat less obvious is the way in which the nightmarish apparatus of oppression portrayed in the novel, most readily associated with totalitarian Communist societies, represents a creative and original transformation of Orwell's own experiences. These had begun when, in the traditional English manner, he was packed off to an expensive preparatory boarding school (St. Cyprian's) at the tender age of 8, where he was crammed with a classical education. He spent five miserable years at St. Cyprian's, about which he later wrote one of his most searing and impassioned essays, "Such, Such Were the Joys," in which he described his detestation of the school's spartan living conditions, its crippling tyranny over its youthful charges, and the addiction of its proprietors to corporal punishment. Lonely children like himself, for instance, who were unfortunate enough to wet their beds, were publicly humiliated and mercilessly caned until they stopped; and all

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manifestations of spontaneity or independence were ruthlessly crushed. It was a totalitarian society in miniature. The mature Orwell was to recall its cruelties with the same fear and loathing that he had experienced as a small boy.

Just as pertinent were his years as a policeman in Burma, where he had learned the bitter truth of what it meant to be an oppressor: that doing "the dirty work of the empire" was morally corrupt, that it enslaved the masters as much as it did their Burmese subjects. It was there that he witnessed torture being applied to prisoners, and saw the effect it had not only on the tortured, but also the torturers. Oppression became a topic that was to obsess him for the rest of his life, leading to the composition not only of *Burmese Days*, but also to some of his most memorable essays, such as "A Hanging" and "Shooting an Elephant." "When the white man turns tyrant," he wrote in the latter essay, "it is his own freedom that he destroys." Even at the end of his life, according to Shelden, Orwell was trying a second novel about Burma.

There were also Orwell's experiences of censorship throughout his career as a writer. These had reached a kind of climax during his spell as a writer at the BBC. True, he was there during wartime, when even liberal governments resort to censorship. Still, the repeated attempts to control his work in even the most petty details and the all-pervading insistence on the BBC's role as an instrument of propaganda were anathema to his need for intellectual independence and creative freedom. It was not for nothing that he modeled the headquarters of the Ministry of Truth in *1984* on Broadcasting House in London, since it was there that he came to realize that censorship and thought control attain a kind of perfection when they can be achieved by a raised eyebrow or a silent shake of the head, the classic British manner.

Nor was censorship in Britain a monopoly of the BBC. Orwell had been badly shaken one day in 1940 when the police showed up at his Wallington cottage with a search warrant and confiscated some "obscene" books from his study. He had been foolish enough to plan an article on Henry Miller and had ordered the necessary books from Paris, but his letter had been intercepted and read by the postal authorities. Some, but not all, of the books were returned, and he received an official warning that he was liable to prosecution. This was just before the war. About a year later, after the war had started, Orwell discovered that the London Letters he was sending to *Partisan Review* were not only being censored by the Ministry of Information [sic], but in some cases were being retyped, so that the recipients did not even know that they had been censored. He also noted that the telegraphic address on a communication from the ministry was "*miniform*."

From the very beginning of his literary career, in fact, Orwell had been dogged by various kinds of censorship. Ever since submitting the manuscript of *Down and Out in Paris and London* he had had to struggle with Gollancz over repeated attempts to cut and distort his work for fear of the dreaded libel laws (far worse in Britain than in America, then and now, and convenient for publishers to hide behind). He was also aware that the reasons several of his works had been refused by publishers were political rather than aesthetic; and his freshest memories, of course, were of rejections of *Animal Farm* on the ground that it was "offensive to an ally." Even "Such, Such Were the Joys," his article on his prep school experiences, could not be published for fear of libel action by the school's former proprietors. It was obvious enough that even if the war constituted a reasonable pretext for the exercise of censorship, censorship was, to borrow a phrase, as British as apple pie.

1984, then, was animated by memories of Western (and specifically British) society as much as by reflections on developments in the Soviet Union at the time. That is why the ideology of the ruling party in Oceania was described as "Ingsoc," an abbreviation of "English Socialism," and why the dreary daily existence of Winston Smith and his fellow citizens was modeled on life not only in wartime Britain, as Shelden suggests, but in Britain before the war, as it was experienced by millions of its poorer citizens. Orwell himself was clear about his intentions in this regard. "The scene of the book is laid in Britain in order to emphasize that the English-speaking races are not innately better than anyone else, and that totalitarianism, *if not fought against*, could triumph anywhere," Orwell wrote to the American union leader Francis A. Henson soon after the book was published. And elsewhere he added: "I don't believe that the kind of society I describe *will* arrive, but I believe something resembling it *could* arrive. Totalitarian ideas have taken root in the minds of intellectuals everywhere and I have tried to draw these ideas out to their logical consequences."

Orwell was seized (if not obsessed) by the fear that in the very struggle of the

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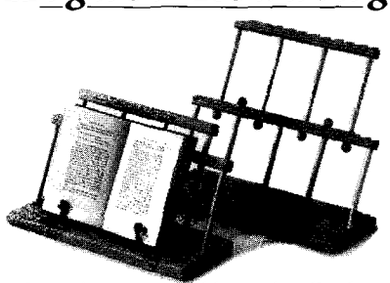

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liberal democracies to oppose fascism, they would increasingly resort to fascist methods (censorship, thought control, preventive detention) to assure victory, and he foresaw that the same danger would recur in a future struggle against communism. *1984*, therefore, was intended as a warning. It takes its place as an anti-utopia, or a dystopia, in a long line of twentieth-century dystopias by authors beginning with Wells and London and continuing with Zamyatin and Huxley. All these authors were admired by Orwell, and seem to have influenced him in some way, but pride of place must go to Zamyatin's *We*, which Orwell reviewed (in a French translation) in 1945.

There is an instructive parallel between the two works. Zamyatin's novel, like Orwell's, is popularly read as a satire on Soviet communism, mainly because so many of the negative phenomena described in it were subsequently embodied in the Soviet state. But Zamyatin was writing in 1920, when only the barest outlines of Lenin's new order were coming into view. What is frequently forgotten is that Zamyatin had also spent a year in the industrial city of Newcastle in northern England (he was there during the Russian revolutions) and had been stunned by the soulless mechanization and stunted emotional life of capitalist, industrialized Britain. Like Wells before him and Orwell after him, Zamyatin found a large part of his inspiration in modern industrial society in its most advanced and pitiless form—that is, not in the fledgling Soviet state, but in England.

Thus the tradition in which Orwell was writing was well defined and was not at all dependent on the existence of a concrete totalitarian state for its force, relevance, and vitality. On the contrary, it drew (and still draws) its power from its ability to mirror and to reinterpret imaginatively some of the deeper currents of modern Western society, which in turn reflect enduring impulses in human nature everywhere. From this point of view, the Soviet state under Stalin (and its later imitators) represented a kind of laboratory in which many of the tendencies of modern industrial society were concentrated to an incredibly intense degree, resulting in a kind of distillation, but also a monstrous parody, of Western institutions in the twentieth century. It was itself a kind of grotesque *Gesamtkunstwerk*, as Boris Groys has written, simultaneously confirming the cautionary vision of works like *Animal Farm* and *1984* and outdoing them in its horrors. It may be that the example of the Soviet Union will work as an antidote to the social and political poisons that have flowed so freely through our lives at least since the First World War; but this will be the end of only a very brief phase of history, even if it has spanned the lifetimes of many of us.

Orwell's vision will remain relevant because it is rooted in a perception that the enduring human impulse to create a more perfect society is fraught with terrible risk, and is in constant danger of toppling into the very tyranny it most fears and despises. But Orwell remained convinced that the risk was worth taking, that to do nothing was even worse than to make even terrible mistakes. In this context it is worth recalling that all the great twentieth-century dystopians have been socialists, and Orwell was no exception. The road that led to Wigan Pier was the same road that led to Mr. Pilkington's farm and the nightmare world of Oceania in *1984*. There is no contradiction between the socialist Orwell and the anti-Communist Orwell, no need to choose between them.

As for the implications of Orwell's vision, he expressed them best in an essay on his fellow socialist and fellow warrior Arthur Koestler in 1944:

> It is quite possible that man's major problems will *never* be solved. But it is also unthinkable! Who is there who dares to look at the world of today and say to himself, "It will always be like this: even in a million years it cannot get appreciably better"? So you get the quasi-mystical belief that for the present there is no remedy, all political action is useless but that somewhere in space and time human life will cease to be the miserable brutish thing it now is. The only easy way out is that of the religious believer, who regards this life merely as a preparation for the next. But few thinking people now believe in life after death.... The real problem is how to restore the religious attitude while accepting death as final. *Men can only be happy when they do* not assume that the object of life is happiness.

MICHAEL SCAMMELL, professor of Russian literature at Cornell University, is writing a biography of Arthur Koestler.

East/West Side Story

BY HERBERT MUSCHAMP

Noguchi East and West by Dore Ashton

(Knopf, 331 pp., $35)

Many artists today believe that SoHo is as important as Silicon Valley in the shaping of global culture, and so their work explores the power of images to define cultural relationships. Dore Ashton has written an engaging full-length portrait of an artist who explored cultural relationships to define himself. Isamu Noguchi was a one-man foreign exchange program, a human bridge between multiculturalism and an earlier cosmopolitan ideal. Born in Los Angeles in 1904 to a Japanese father and an American mother, shuttled between Japan and the United States as a child, Noguchi faced his Other every time he looked in the mirror.

He used art to reduce the anxieties of that confrontation, in work that fused the abstract forms and enigmatic content of modern art and Eastern religion. Over time, inspired by the global outlook of his friend Buckminster Fuller, Noguchi nourished his vision with an ever expanding range of sources. Temples, totem poles, stupas, piazzas, and burial mounds were absorbed into the conceptual clay from which he hoped to fashion his elusive image of "the world in a single sculpture." And his reach for synthesis sets him apart from many artists today, who strain to articulate cultural differences.

It aligned him, however, with artists of an earlier generation who believed that abstract art expressed universal values. Noguchi's sculptures, discernably inflected by Brancusi and Zen, affirmed the mission of modern art to cross cultural borders. Similarly, his settings of classical legends choreographed by Martha Graham and George Balanchine encouraged belief in the universality of Western myths. Moreover, the Buddhist concepts that Noguchi often applied to the carving and the placement of his stones gave weight to the idea that we could see in abstract forms not just materials but also patterns, and the traces of a spiritual essence.

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Ashton traces the uphill struggle that Noguchi faced in achieving his deceptively serene fusion of East and West. Neither a detached Zen master nor a blithe American tourist, Noguchi paid a price to make something universal from his dual cultural heritage: he felt universally displaced. In Japan his pale eyes marked him as a *gaijin*, an "outside person"; and even his father never let him forget that he did not belong. In the United States he endured (not without protest) the wave of anti-Japanese prejudice that followed Pearl Harbor.

Noguchi faced similar obstacles in making his work understood. Reviews of his early shows in New York were marked by racial epithets both veiled ("wily") and not so veiled ("Once an Oriental, always an Oriental"). Even many years later, after he had achieved renown, Noguchi's work was often discounted or dismissed. Thus Rosalind Krauss, in an essay in 1979 on "Sculpture in the Expanded Field," managed to write Noguchi out of the history of the very fields that he had been cultivating years before the advent of Robert Smithson, Robert Morris, and Mary Miss: earthworks, site-specific sculpture, public art that aspires to architectural scale.

Noguchi's reception in Japan was even more complex. As an international figure, a man who had lived with the legends in Paris, Noguchi enjoyed high esteem among Japanese artists. At the same time, his eagerness to master traditional forms, such as terra-cotta pottery, alienated those who felt that modernity demanded a break with the past. His effort to make himself at home in "old Japan" is the most fascinating part of Ashton's story; from a New York perspective, it reads like the account of a bigamist's other life. On a visit in 1931, Noguchi resisted his father's efforts to introduce him to contemporary Japanese artists, later saying, "I wanted, on the contrary, the Orient." Actually, what he wanted was more a kind of Orientalism: a state of aesthetic bliss furnished with old stone lanterns, tea houses, cherry blossoms, poems to the moon. In 1951 Noguchi created for himself a kind of theme park of Old Japan on a farm in Kamakuru, complete with a bride, Yoshiko Yamaguchi, formerly known as "Shirley" in her days as a Hollywood actress.

Life with Noguchi was evidently not all that different from playing in a costume production. He donned traditional robes and insisted that Yamaguchi wear them also, along with straw sandals that pinched her feet. "When she complained, he said that uncomfortable or not, he wanted her to wear them because they were beautiful." But soon Noguchi packed away the robes and took off for Paris, and then for New York, as if propelled by an irony: greater harmony of being awaited him in the disruptive West than in a Zen garden. Even his role as a gentleman of Old Japan owed more to Western self-invention than to Eastern tradition.

NOGUCHI WITH HIS SCULPTURE *NOODLE*, NEW YORK, 1943-1944

Ashton shows that Noguchi was also displaced in time. He does not fit comfortably in the art movements that unfolded during his lifetime. "Biomorphic," the term often used to shoehorn him into the New York school, applies only to Noguchi's sculpture of the 1940s, before his mature work emerged. That maturity took a long time to develop, and the development took place in public. While still in his early 20s, Noguchi made a name for himself as a sculptor of portrait busts. The book includes a photograph of one of them, the sculptor posed beside it. If there is art here, it is all in the pose.

An apprenticeship with Brancusi in Paris in 1927 introduced Noguchi to modern sculpture's cutting edge. It also introduced him to apprenticeship as a way of life. Soon after his sojourn in the French capital, Noguchi went to live in Kyoto, where he learned to apply celadon glaze from Jinmatsu Uno, a master potter. It was the first of many associations that Noguchi formed with Japan's traditional craftsmen to enlarge his technique and his outlook. Yet Japan could not provide a stage sufficiently large for Noguchi to show off his enlarged ambitions. Back in New York after his fling with pots, Noguchi turned briefly to Social Realism. *Death*, a metal sculpture of 1935, depicts a lynched black man.

Ashton's account of those restless movements suggests that East and West were Noguchi's geographical analogues for the familiar poles of a modern artist's dilemma: how to create art that reflects its time but transcends it. Japan stood for timelessness, the West stood for change. But the West also offered posterity, a form of timelessness that Noguchi could not renounce. Unable to resolve the dilemma in favor of any one place, he resolved it in motion, routinely dividing his last two decades between his New York studio and a retreat on the island of Sikoku.

The work of these years, an abundant outpouring of large pieces in marble, granite, and basalt, is a testament to equilibrium attained. As if bearing traces of time and weather, their surfaces are chipped, pitted, gouged, square cut, rounded off, rubbed smooth as lacquer; and the effects are knowingly juxtaposed, as though the elements have embraced the middle way. In those pieces Noguchi has finally excavated his art from beneath the weight of his influences. Where Michelangelo sought to liberate a sculpture from a stone,

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oguchi freed stone from his desire to ake a "sculpture."

Ashton does not recount this story in cile multicultural terms. She writes of cism, not of "Eurocentrism"; of art, not "privileged discourses." Nor is she one speculate on resemblances between oguchi's globalism and, say, Conrad ilton's. She assumes the reader will are her belief that art is of a different der than Coca-Cola. Ashton's conven- onal art historical approach has its lvant ges: she makes a good case that oguchi deserves to stand with the lumi- arie already chronicled in her book *he New York School.* Still, to treat oguchi in the familiar terms of art his- ry is to risk missing what was most pio- ering about his work: the extent to ich he aimed to dissolve the bound- ies of art itself.

For Noguchi's is not just an East-West ory. It is also a High- ow story. Noguchi's forts to transcend the fferences between New ork and Kyoto were par- leled by his attempts to ase the line between ne and applied art. ese two ambitions re linked, and the con- ction did not begin th Noguchi. Since the ts and Crafts Move- ent, Western designers id looked to Japan as e model of a culture in ich aesthetic values re integrated with cial ones. Frank Lloyd right's Organic Archi- cture owed much to is model, which also fluenced the Bauhaus eal of the building as an artistic synthe- s. "For the first time in my life, I felt yself with the majority," observed Wal- r Gropius after a visit to Japan in 1954. here, as in the Bauhaus, no clear line vided objects of everyday use from ose of aesthetic contemplation.

Noguchi fit into this Modern agenda th the ease of a built-in modern table. id he exploited the fit to advance an enda of his own. His theater decors, s A. ari lamps, and his boomerang bles were not just a sculptor's sidelines. ey were means for dispersing sculp- ral values beyond sculpture into space. is ambition found its full expression

Noguchi's last decades, when he ceived commissions for such magnifi- nt public spaces as the Billy Rose ulpture Garden in Jerusalem, Detroit's art Plaza, and *California Scenario* in sta Mesa. Noguchi had long regarded ndscape as a more congenial medium an sculpture for his cross-disciplinary ideas. In 1933 he conceived the massive *Monument to the Plough,* a low, three-sided pyramid of earth, each base stretching a mile in length. *Play Mountain,* an urban version of this rural scheme, was designed to occupy an entire New York City block.

But these projects, though huge in scale, remained sculpted objects. In the late 1940s Noguchi grasped the need to push his vision further, into the space that objects occupy. In 1949, with a grant from the Bollingen Foundation, he traveled through Europe, India, and Southeast Asia to study sacred sites where sculpture, architecture, and landscape achieved a "communal, emotional, and mystic" synthesis. This journey shifted the focus of his ambitions not only from sculpture to space but from art to "culture ... the integration of art and life." The chance to realize these "compositions in topological space" finally came in the 1950s. Invited by Marcel Breuer to design a small garden for UNESCO's Paris headquarters, Noguchi quickly expanded the scope of the project into an environment that embraced Breuer's architecture within a varied terrain of stone, water, maple and bamboo, stark and dappled light.

NOGUCHI'S *FOUNTAIN,* BILLY ROSE SCULPTURE GARDEN, JERUSALEM, 1960-65

Not all of Noguchi's collaborations with architects were so fortunate. His work with Gordon Bunshaft of Skidmore, Owings, and Merrill is significant chiefly for exposing that Noguchi's fit with Modern architecture could be too comfortable for his own good. These projects began as well-intended efforts to compensate for the brutish impact of Modern buildings at street scale. By 1960 it had become painfully apparent even to Modern architects that the effect of their buildings was far from the "towers in a park" fantasy of which they had dreamed. Instead of generously opening up new vistas of open space, Modern buildings declared a sensory void. Bunshaft invited Noguchi to augment the gift of space with the gift of art, a form of civic generosity that passersby would find harder to overlook. Alas, in their collaborations on buildings for two New York banks, the art became the urban equivalent of the toaster bestowed on customers for opening an account.

The Chase Manhattan Headquarters (1960) was a violent urban disruption; street traffic in lower Manhattan was permanently rerouted to make room for this stolid block of aluminum and glass. Yet here was Noguchi, down on hands and knees in a sunken plaza at the building's base, fitting together stones he'd traveled through Japan to collect, as though a little oasis of tranquillity could suffice to tame this architectural King Kong. Noguchi's 1973 sculpture for Bunshaft's Marine Midland Bank Headquarters, a block away from Chase on lower Broadway, evokes a good deal more urban drama: the up-ended vermillion cube shoots into the air like a spurt of blood, squeezed from the urban tissue where Bunshaft's shiny black boot comes thudding down. The cube's hollow cylindrical core takes aim at the building like the gun barrel of a disgruntled client, or an anti-Modernist run amok. Yet in the end the piece stands as an abstract sculpture, a classic example of "plop art," and its contrapuntal relationship to the building undermines Noguchi's intention. Instead of dispersing sculpture into the environment, the cube gathers Art into its finite shape. The result makes a poor contrast with Bunshaft's 1954 design for the Fifth Avenue branch of Manufacturers Hanover Trust, where the bank's gleaming steel vault, framed by its glass curtain wall as an object of contemplation, erases the distinction between fine art and applied art.

Ashton provides a superb account of the ideas behind these projects and the complexities of building them. She does not reckon, however, with the extent to which the building compromised the ideas. This is not a minor omission in a book that offers to revise our estimation of Noguchi from the perspective of the present. These outdoor works not only pioneered the field of "public art"; they also anticipated the crisis that has

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emerged with the corporate annexation of that field. Like Noguchi, artists such as Mary Miss, Scott Burton, and Ned Smythe started out with idealistic convictions, determined to free their work from the traditional boundaries of sculpture and the commercial grip of the galleries. But many found themselves, at the end of the 1980s, hostage to a far more hazardous form of commerce, providing window dressing for the "public-private" development partnerships that have been systematically shortchanging the public on the quality of urban life.

Nothing throws their predicament into sharper relief than Noguchi's own major work of the 1980s. It was a civic gift without compromise. The Isamu Noguchi Garden Museum is one of the few real gems that New York has added in recent years to its tarnished cultural diadem. The place is a shrine to touch; only Garbo in that scene in *Queen Christina* has displayed a more voluptuous talent for intimacy with the inanimate. Is it strange that an artist who stepped over art's borders should sum up his legacy by stepping back behind the walls of a museum? Not in a world that has seen those borders nearly buried beneath an avalanche of pop culture.

Noguchi's aim was to integrate art, not to abandon it. His museum breathes with that ideal, an effect partly due to its location. Set in Long Island City's industrial landscape, the museum presents his work in the context of making objects, not just looking at them. Inside, we see models of the projects through which Noguchi exerted art's pressure outward. Above all, this permanent retrospective links Noguchi's sculpture to the contours of his life. So does Ashton's book. She persuades us that Noguchi had more than art in mind when he invited us to "call it sculpture when it moves you so." •

The Monsters

By Charles S. Maier

Hitler and Stalin: Parallel Lives by Alan Bullock

(Knopf, 1,024 pp., $35)

In 1952 Alan Bullock concluded his splendid biography of Hitler—still, I believe, the best life of the dictator—by invoking Christopher Wren's memorial in St. Paul's: *Si monumentum requiris circumspice*—if you seek his monument look around you. As Bullock recognizes in the concluding, upbeat pages of his new dual biography of Hitler and Stalin, the "monuments" have disappeared. The division of Germany is no more, and Stalin's feared Soviet Union has broken down into confused republics seeking to overcome decades of political and economic straitjacketing. Bullock's story lies now in a completed past, but it is hardly a distant past. It still resonates and so, Bullock rightly believes, must be remembered or, for those who cannot remember, learned.

Now Bullock has gone back to interweave the life of Stalin with the life of Hitler. Through the dual biography he seeks to present the whole lurid and somber epoch that consumed perhaps 75 million lives and devastated entire peoples. The historian's own optimistic meliorism, however, could not be further from his evil and paranoid protagonists. He is a commonsense Yorkshireman with the north country's distinctive burr, an author totally without lurking egomania or Spenglerian nostalgia for vast, coercive experiments; recalling in his coda a visit to Jerusalem, he insists on the ennobling qualities that Europeans could also demonstrate in the years of tyranny: "I have never forgotten the juxtaposition of the Holocaust Museum and the Avenue of the Righteous."

Bullock was born in 1914, the year whose events opened the era that brought Hitler and Stalin to power. He has been a redoubtable biographer, following his *Hitler, A Study in Tyranny* with three volumes on Ernest Bevin, the stolid trade union organizer who, as British foreign secretary, became one of the protagonists of the cold war.

Bullock relies principally on the impact of the unadorned narrative. He takes no refuge in the postmodern plea that after Auschwitz (or the Gulag) our traditional language can only fail us, that we remain mentally or morally unmoored by our incapacity to "represent" tyranny. Bullock will not fret abo the inadequacy of language; but neith will he allow himself the effort to conv the warped vision by a risky effort at in riorization or empathy. He has had keep a certain distance. Although knowledgeably recapitulates the psych analytic explanations—narcissism a paranoia—that are often applied account for his two twisted protagonis he judiciously distinguishes mental d orders that incapacitate from streaks disorder that should not [redacted]mini responsibility. Ultimately, he impli individual lives are portraye , n explained. Bullock's historical orien tion has long drawn on the classics: Ar totle's calm diagnosis of regimes an even more apparently, the dispassiona Tacitean narrative of sanguinary Rom politics.

His new work is hardly jus chronicle, even if its cha ter headings emphasi year-by-year developme The chapter on "Hitler and Stalin co pared" occupies the dramatically centu role in this book that his brilliant portr of "The Dictator" claimed in the earli biography. Among other critical diff ences, the chapter wisely distinguish Hitler's seductive relationship with H plebiscitory mass public from Stalir crafty manipulation of Party curren Indeed, no single book better tells t story of twentieth-century totalitaria ism. The task of the historian of totalita anism is to show similarities and emphasize important distinctions, and this respect Bullock's work is really fir rate.

Bullock reminds his readers th Stalin was a decade older than Hitl and lived eight years beyond the end the war, and confronted formati events at a different point in the li cycle. Hitler's charismatic personal was forged in his 30s, but Stalin allow the cult of personality to grow only du ing his 50s. And their paranoid tende cies also took different forms. Hitl trusted his close colleagues (at least un the assassination attempt of July 194 but fear and loathing of the Jews we absolutely central to his worldview, affirmed to his entourage just be[redacted]re t moment he put the revolver to his te ple. Stalin, by contrast, posited no equ alent all-encompassing agent of subv sion (although his mythical construct conspiring Trotskyites was in some wa analogous). Ultimately, however, could trust no individual associa (except, pathetically for a year or two, Solzhenitsyn pointed out in a brillia sketch, Hitler!).

The collaboration between Stalin a Hitler should not obscure major diff

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ences, and Bullock does not slight them. Hitler conceived himself in a special relationship with Germans; he seized and recreated the tiny German National Socialist Workers' Party as an instrument to his end. The magic of his interaction with the masses was demagogic, and almost erotic: he bound them to him through gesture and speech, an achievement that now seems incomprehensible given the harangues that have survived. (Bullock also reminds us that acerbic wit and sarcasm were part of the repertory.) In the despotic government of the Soviet Union, however, the Party played a far more crucial role. And Stalin's own role within his Party was symbiotic: he began as its creature and soon became its master. The only office that he held from the mid-1920s through the 1930s was first secretary. With the Revolution, the Party became an association for ruling far more crucial than its National Socialist counterpart, which confronted a more powerful civil service, military establishment, and industrial community.

Nazi ruthlessness was different. Hitler's career and life, as Bullock emphasizes, was based on his amazing belief in himself as a politician supported by fate, on his identification of his destiny with that of Germany. Every people that stood in the way of the German cause (which was the same cause as his own) must be destroyed, above all the Jews. The British, if they heeded his concepts for peace, might be worthy of running the empire they had accumulated. The Americans were a mongrel plutocracy of little account, despite the armies that they had ferried to Europe in 1918. The Slavs were a potential reservoir of labor power formerly organized by Germans, and since 1917 by Jewish Bolsheviks who had to be destroyed.

It is extremely uncertain that the long discipline of strategic deterrence could ever have worked with a Hitler. But Stalin calculated more soberly. Hitler's constant motif was revenge against Germany's enemies, which had to be his own; Stalin's was the enduring sense of having to fight against being the underrated outsider. Bullock stresses that both were, as youths, marginal: the unsuccessful art student down and out in Vienna, the Georgian beaten by his father, sullenly absorbing the discipline first of the seminary and then of the revolutionary conspiracy. But again the differences were important. Hitler could trust his friends; there were evenings in Munich where Putzi Hanfstaegel, his Harvard-educated court jester, might pound out "With the Crimson in Triumph Flashing" on the Bechstein at the Bechsteins. Stalin would gather his cronies at late, besotted dinners, forcing Khrushchev into humiliating renditions of Russian dances, and frequently screening films.

Hitler was capable of having his faithful retainers destroyed physically or morally: Ernst Roehm was shot summarily in 1934, a few patriotic generals were humiliated by invented scandals in 1938, more generals and opponents were shot and hanged in 1944. Stalin surpassed him, however, in his capacity to liquidate almost all those who had earlier surrounded him as collaborators. Osip Mandelstam's little poem about the "Kremlin's man on the mountains" well described the degradation of Stalin's despotism:

> ... Around him his gang of thick-skinned leaders,
> Semi-humans whose services he plays with;
> Like horseshoes he hammers ukase on ukase,
> For one in the head, the other in the groin, brow, or eyes.
> Each execution—just great,
> The broad Georgian chest first-rate.

Each dictator viewed the world through a radically distorting lens. For Stalin, it was conspiracy. He feared it, and he practiced it. For Hitler, it was war. His own military service was the high point of the first half of his life: gassed and then enraged by unexpected defeat, he went on to design a movement, and then a regime, that would reverse the verdict of 1918 and then add huge territories to the Reich. Western statesmen, and even Stalin for a while, believed that the experience of political office might temper Hitler's inclinations toward conquest. Shrewder critics understood that he was delayed, but that he wanted war, war itself, and not just the fruits of it. He fashioned the only kind of war that was feasible to wage: one of staged conquest, in which speed and resolve would smash the weaker enemies (including a Soviet Union in disarray from the purges), allowing him to fortify his Eurasian base against the offshore enmity of Britain and America. Ultimately, Hitler believed, Britain would make a deal based on reciprocal empires. And essentially intertwined with this project was the riddance of the Jews: Was it to be murder from the outset? Probably not: expulsion, inner segregation, and attrition were tasks enough for the 1930s. But seven months before the invasion of Poland, Hitler threatened the Jews with destruction should they provoke a war. And the logic of subjection was so total that if physical extrusion was not possible, genocide would not seem like a major new hurdle.

Stalin's concepts were different. He adopted Marxism as a consistent intellectual account of his world; it provided him with a mission and validated his role with his Bolshevik co-conspirators. Marxism assured him, at least in theory, that one day the developed world would all be Communist. But the practical lesson that Stalin drew from 1917 and the Civil War and the failure of revolution outside Russia was that this denouement might be vastly delayed. In the long interim between the revolution and the climax of history, the Soviet Union faced encirclement and hostility, much as he did as a person. His primary goal, then, would be to overcome this vulnerability: to hammer Russia on the anvil of industrialization and to modernize it, to recover and to extend the territories controlled before 1917. In the time it would take for the dialectic to triumph, the territory would be secure.

Finally, the two tyrants had a different relationship to ideas. Hitler listened to the echoes of intellectuals, and cobbled together bits of Nietzsche, Houston Stuart Chamberlain, and crude Darwinism. Hitler always respected Mussolini as a sort of father of fascism, even when he believed that the Italians were totally unfit for any hard, martial task. But Italian fascist doctrine—centered around the state and ironically more Hegelian than National Socialist—never had to be emulated. Stalin, on the other hand, had to reinterpret texts by Marx and Lenin. He was less syncretic: he was making his career in a party that was based on the interpretations of holy writ. And any claimant to Lenin's mantle had to demonstrate that he could perform the complicated exegetical feats of interpreting and adapting Marx. According to the accounts that we have, Stalin really worked at his "short course" on the history of the Soviet Communist Party. The exposition might be wooden, but it was his own, and it established that his thinking was a part of the Marxist canon.

Recalling Bullock's life of the Führer, written in the aftermath of the Second World War, I get the impression that the author had long since come to intellectual terms with Hitler, but that Stalin's terror—mediated by Robert Conquest's extraordinarily influential account of the purges—struck him with a fresher horror. It demanded a more arduous wrestling with memoirs and history to be

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fully assimilated. Bullock has read, but largely rejects, the accounts that propose that the terror reflected a Party zeal that escaped control. We should no longer ask, Bullock has brought himself to admit, "what objective was important enough to pay the price of liquidating so many able, experienced people but recognize that, for Stalin, this was not the price but the objective itself." The acceptance of Stalinism as a comparable horror meant struggling against the tendency among progressive intellectuals in the West, a tendency half a century old, to believe that Stalin's regime still might present a residual claim to our sympathy that Hitler's never did. Each leader's public role, Bullock concludes, "was consecrated to a vision of a world that, however great the differences between them, was equally inhuman—a world in which whole populations could be uprooted and moved about; in which whole classes could be eliminated, races enslaved or exterminated."

Was what happened in Soviet Russia the same as what happened in Nazi Germany? Which society was more terrifying, more revolutionized? And can biography furnish us with the answers to these questions? Democracy, we perceive, must be studied on the collective level because it concerns the civic condition of a people, not just the role of their gifted tribunes. Totalitarian society still awaits its Tocqueville. Bullock focuses on biography because his inquiry centers on what happened, not primarily on how the system worked, although he endeavors to explain the ways in which Soviet citizens could come to terms with the purges.

Stalinism, he argues, represented the tyrant's effort to industrialize a traditional society violently and at great cost. Germany required no such drastic transformation. Hitler, he rightly says, loved the modern: cars and planes and radio. But he did not have to wrench Germans from the countryside to the city. Indeed, preserving the viability of farming was a political imperative; the distressed farmers of Lower Saxony and Schleswig Hostein provided the mass electoral breakthroughs of 1930-32. For the Bolsheviks, by contrast, the peasants were backward and politically refractory; their willingness to keep wheat from the cities and to resist political control made them a continuing adversary. The first stages of collectivization treated them as an enemy that had to be pulverized.

These differing fates of the countryside are well known, and have been ably told. Harder to grasp are the respective fabrics of associative life. A generation ago historians stressed the limits of German democratic capacities and emphasized a prevailing long-term authoritarianism. Today historians are more likely to point out that Germany had a rich civil society: religious pluralism, strong urban government, highly developed guilds and later business communities, intense traditions of socialism. What nineteenth-century Germany did fail to develop was a zest for actual rule by party; its elites, guilds, student corps, interest groups, and political parties sought to secure their position in an administrative state. Compared with Britain, as Max Weber pointed out in his trenchant essays during World War I, Germany lacked the political passion. To the east, however, Russia and eastern Europe had developed less of an associative life. Czardom had not permitted the proliferation of legal sovereignty; its commercial elite lagged behind those to the west; its rudimentary local councils allowed only a degree of political mobilization. To be sure, the burgeoning of commerce and parties after 1905 gave promise of rapid catching up, but the war overstrained the progress that was made.

Establishing despotism in Germany, as Bullock emphasizes, thus required a revolution in values. It flew in the face of a

Why?

Why no powerful hymn
of thanksgiving, of eternal glory?

Have not the prayers been heard, of the humiliated,
the bereft of their possessions, the slandered, the murdered,
the tortured behind barbed wire?

He broke the teeth from the jaw that devoured the humble.
He overthrew the strong one who was to rule for centuries.

Monuments of boastful theory lie between nettles,
on the infallible empire darkness descended.

Is it because generations waited for justice in vain
that faith in superterrestrial verdicts has been abandoned?

And that unending valley of faces deprived of hope
leaves those who survive unable to rejoice?

No *Te Deum* has been sung to praise the Lord of Hosts.
In silence the name of the Hidden God is being pronounced.

No painting represents the Warrior in shining armor
who strolls in white clouds over a battlefield.

Who says: "Mine is the punishing arm,
I choose the one day and the one hour in a thousand years."

We were safe behind the shield of his protection.
Misfortunes besieged us but did not prevail.

Where are the solemn assemblies of peoples under a sky pierced by the lightning of the One and Holy?
Where is contrite meditation on His deed?

Fearful, they rub their eyes, knowing only that there is no limit to evil.
Enough to shout joyfully, and evil will return with force.

They still look for signs in the sky, for fiery circles, rods and crosses.
Remembering the word History, the second name of which is Annihilation.

Czeslaw Milosz

(translated from Polish by the author and Robert Hass)

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long-term nominal commitment to legal procedures and guarantees, if not to a democratic culture. Hitler knew how to mobilize the resentments of enough of the electorate (43 percent in the last contested elections in March 1933) to win the authority to force this revolution of values—and increasingly to win the enthusiasm of those liquidating their own liberties. The very corporate consciousness of the old associations made their members willing participants in an order that gave them a new nationalized status even as it undermined their earlier influence. "Aryan" businessmen retained their property but lost their autonomy to invest; universities and judges and scientists kept their corporate privileges if they put on party pins; the bureaucracy tended to self-destruct.

In some particularly insightful passages Bullock recognizes both the limits and the achievements of this nationalization of social relationships. Not everybody could be made an enthusiast; many sought retreat into family or isolation. But the organizational blitz did create the impression of inevitability. Except for some traditionalist Roman Catholic enclaves, pockets of clandestine working-class resistance, and conspirators of conscience among the Protestant elites, the regime's presence foreclosed alternative organizational rallying points.

The great dictators have long disappeared. Now that the former Soviet Union has renounced Stalin's legacy, it will be hard to keep fresh the awesome horror they imposed. Bullock thus deserves our gratitude. Knowledge will increase, but so will distance; and will the former Soviet lands find a special collective custodian of memory for their terror, as exists for the Holocaust? Others feel the lifting of the long shadow in a different way. Opposition to one or both provided the whole point of public life for many of their contemporaries. It is foolish to wish for the moral equivalent of cold war; that is history as adrenaline. But is the decomposition of dictatorship precisely the same thing as the triumph of democracy? In fact, there are leaders of the new post-Communist states who seem to understand very well the persuasiveness of the old appeals. They are slicker and more mellifluous, and they will only be countered by leaders who can articulate convincing post-cold war agendas. Until that happens, we are not yet safely out of the twentieth century.

CHARLES S. MAIER teaches history at Harvard University and is the author of *The Unmasterable Past: History, Holocaust, and German National Identity* (Harvard University Press).

You deserve a factual look at ...

Soviet-Jewish Migration to Israel

Why do the Arabs fear it and fight it?

There are 2 to 3 million Jews living in the former Soviet Union today. Under the Soviet Communist system, their culture and their religion have been ruthlessly suppressed for decades. Emigration was virtually impossible. Lately, under glasnost and the more enlightened leadership of Mikhail Gorbachev and Boris Yeltsin, the gates of emigration have begun to open. Most of the emigrants choose Israel as their destination. All Arabs — and not just the "Palestinians" — are strident in their opposition to this immigration. What motivates them? What is their concern?

What are the facts?

■ Israel was created for a specific purpose. It is the ingathering of Jews from all over the world, especially those who had been subject for centuries to hostility, violence, oppression, ghettoization, and — eventually, the unprecedented disaster of the Holocaust, in which 6 million Jews perished. The yearning for the re-establishment of the Jewish homeland in what came to be called "Palestine" had been unremitting over the centuries. In 1917, the British were in control of Palestine and issued the Balfour Declaration, which called for the establishment of "...a national home for the Jewish people". This Declaration was confirmed by the League of Nations. The concept of Palestine as a Jewish state was further confirmed by the United Nations, which recognized the new-born Jewish state in 1948.

■ During the second World War, many of the millions of Jews that died in the gas chambers of the Nazis could have been saved if they had been allowed into Palestine. The British, however, under the unrelenting threats of the Arabs, buckled under that pressure and effectively throttled Jewish emigration to Israel, thus condemning many to horrible deaths. The situation today is comparable: Under "glasnost" the virulent history-old anti-Semitism of the Russians and the new-found hatreds in the Islamic parts of the former Soviet Union subject the Jewish population to imminent great danger and possible pogroms. Emigration to Israel is the only solution.

■ The Arab world has regarded this exodus with undisguised hostility and has urged the former Soviet Union to stop emigration to Israel altogether. Pretext for this hostility and opposition is the alleged fear that the Soviet-Jewish immigrants will settle in the administered territories, thus threatening the Palestinian inhabitants and their hopes for a future homeland. But, this is a false charge. The Israeli government gives absolutely no incentives to any of the immigrants to move to those areas. Fewer than 1% of all Soviet-Jewish immigrants have moved into the territories.

■ The concern of the Arab states, virtually all of which (with the notable exception of Egypt) consider themselves in a state of war with Israel and which have the destruction of Israel at the very top of their agendas, is not with the "Palestinians". In fact, the "Palestinians" and their aspiration for a homeland are a matter of some indifference to the Arab nations, a pretext for the enmity to Israel. If they were truly concerned about the "Palestinians" and their well-being, they would not have suffered their staying in refugee camps for over forty years, in conditions of utter misery. The real reason is the basic Arab view that the existence of Israel on any land that they think of as "sacred Arab soil" is considered a Western plot against Islam and the Arab world and that the destruction of Israel is a sacred religious duty, which calls for "jihad" (holy war) against the "infidels". Even if Israel could be induced to grant the "Palestinians" their mini-state, it would not change the hostility of the Arab nations one iota. Their aim would still be the destruction of Israel, except that, with a Palestinian state in Israel's heartland, the Arab armies would only be minutes away from Jerusalem, from Tel Aviv, and from the military, industrial, and population centers of the country.

The mass immigration of Soviet Jews to Israel would strengthen Israel. Anything that strengthens Israel is perceived by the Arabs as weakening them and thus making more difficult the planned destruction and dismemberment of the Jewish state. The prospect of Jewish immigration strikes terror in Arab hearts. That explains the continuing acts of terror and the hysterical statements and saber rattlings of the Arabs. It explains Arab pressure on the former Soviet Union to halt this emigration. It explains why the former Soviet Union did until very recently not allow direct flights from and to Israel; it explains threats to blow up commercial aircraft of those countries bordering the former Soviet Union that may permit transshipment of Soviet Jews to Israel. Israel was created to be a refuge and homeland to persecuted Jews anywhere in the world. During World War II, the world stood idly by and did not allow Jews to enter Palestine, which could have saved millions. Nothing like it can be allowed to happen again. Soviet Jews are in imminent danger. They want to leave and go to Israel. Despite Arab frenzied opposition, the world must see to it that nothing happens to slow this exodus.

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Channeling

I'M ON LEAVE FROM THIS MAGazine, writing a book that is due recently. And I have bad news for all who hope for my speedy return (a hope that, according to the latest TNR mailroom tabulations, has been expressed by zero readers). Namely: I just got cable. My apartment building was wired last fall, and I finally broke down and subscribed a couple of months ago. The problem is not what you think. I seldom watch ESPN or Nick at Nite, and the Playboy Channel isn't available in D.C. The really dangerous thing about cable, it turns out, is how wholesomely it helps you procrastinate. For example: the Learning Channel. The name alone is a great guilt-buster, and it's fairly accurate. Consider "The Charlie Rose Show." It's a serious talk show, kind of like Dick Cavett's (now on CNBC) except less pretentious. Rose is a regular guy, asking writers, directors, politicos, professors, tycoons, etc., simple questions that keep them on our wavelength. He provides a superb opportunity to comfortably not work on a book. But some weeks ago his show suddenly gave off unwelcome vibes. I tuned in to find Rose interviewing the writer Bill McKibben, who, I gathered, was saying that TV is something we should all feel guilty about watching. McKibben, of course, is the one who taped all the programming on some large cable system over a twenty-four hour period, watched it, then sat quietly on a mountaintop and, having preferred the latter experience, wrote a book called *The Age of Missing Information* (reviewed in last week's TNR). Well, you can imagine my pique—being told to quit watching TV and finish my book by someone who had just watched tons of TV and finished a book. Worse yet, he was saying this on TV. I have figured out a way to retaliate. I'll go to a newsstand, buy every magazine, read them in rapid succession, cover-to-cover, and then do a documentary series about the experience. Hundreds of episodes, in alphabetical order: *Glamour, Gourmet, Guns 'N Ammo.* Long before *The New Yorker* episode, I trust, McKibben will have gotten the message: you're not supposed to watch all the channels. The whole point of narrowcasting is that it makes TV like a newsstand. Just watch what you like and ignore the rest. Relax. Have a good time.

McKIBBEN MIGHT BE DISAPPOINTed to hear that his TV appearance actually raised my estimation of his book. I had inferred from a few hostile reviews (of both this book and his earlier, similarly unsanguine *The End of Nature*) that he was a hand-wringing, mush-minded, too-well-read yuppie, but on TV he seemed earnest and thoughtful, and he made some points that were worth hearing, if not quite so compelling as to get me out pricing hiking boots. In short, TV has won for his cause one small battle that his book alone couldn't have won, both because I don't have time to read it and because it is missing some kinds of information. (Some very "natural" kinds of information, like how a person looks when saying what he believes. The written word, we sometimes forget, was invented as a crude if useful substitute for the real thing.) Even at this early stage in its evolution, narrowcasting is doing a good job of putting me in touch with serious ideas that intrigue me. What's so bad about that?

THERE IS A DRAWBACK. AS TOM Shales of *The Washington Post* has noted, one of the sad things about Johnny Carson's departure is that he was the last all-American talk-show host ever. Narrowcasting—not just cable, but Fox, syndication, etc.—is splitting the talk-show field, and other fields, along ever finer lines. And, though I like the expanded menu, further cultural fracturing isn't what American society most needs now. Network TV may be remembered as the last strong culturally unifying force this country had. Its passing is in that sense lamentable, if inevitable. But cable does offer one countervailing force, which I assume McKibben frowns on: the natural tendency to flick through the spectrum, channel by channel, zombielike, entranced. It's a journey through living rooms in other neighborhoods. I never open *Ebony* or *Jet* (or whatever their younger relatives are), but I do happen upon Black Entertainment Television and black-produced shows on public access channels. This sort of multicultural sampling, alas, may grow impractical as casting gets narrower: 200 channels, 250—or so narrow that it's no longer casting, as everyone orders obscure favorites by pushbutton and has them instantly downloaded.

REGARDLESS OF WHAT GEORGE Will says, the Learning Channel, the Discovery Channel, etc., don't prove that educational TV can thrive without subsidy. The Learning Channel pays around $10,000 for an hour of good documentary programming—2, 3, maybe 5 percent of production costs. How does it get such a deal? By buying things that have already run on PBS or the BBC. And taxpayers will be happy to hear that the Corporation for Public Broadcasting didn't pay much of the production costs either. The $250 million annual budget that Will complains about covers a few weeks' worth of programming. The lion's share comes from foundations and corporate philanthropy. PBS isn't like real networks (or the BBC), which pay real money for their shows. It's more like a Good Housekeeping seal—a (usually accurate) guarantee of minimal quality that encourages philanthropists to loosen their purse strings. The question is whether they would loosen them less, or less fruitfully, without this encouragement.

ROSS PEROT AIMS to put some "broad" back into casting: short-circuit government gridlock with nationwide electronic town halls. Doubts about this plan have been voiced, but I don't think anyone has adequately stressed Perot's deep misdiagnosis of the problem. The source of the gridlock is a government that's too directly democratic—hypersensitive to the daily moods of the populace and to the deftly exerted influence of every interest group. Washington, in an age of polling, TV, and surgically targeted mass mail, is a much more obedient servant than the Founding Fathers intended. Madison warned in *The Federalist Papers* that "a pure democracy . . . can admit of no cure for the mischiefs of faction." (He was mainly concerned about oppressive majority factions, but his logic applies to the smaller groups that now paralyze us.) A republic, Madison wrote, must "refine and enlarge the public views by passing them through the medium of a chosen body of citizens, whose wisdom may best discern the true interest of their country and whose patriotism and love of justice will be least likely to sacrifice it to temporary or partial considerations." Today's political leaders surrender about 95 percent of their judgment to popular feedback, and now Perot wants to make it an even hundred. I have a better idea: send them up to McKibben's mountain this summer and have them meditate on the budget deficit. If they can't figure out a way to cut it, let them spend the winter.

ROBERT WRIGHT

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WE KNEW IF WE TOLD HER IT COULDN'T BE DONE, SHE'D BE THE FIRST TO DO IT.

IT'S RARE WHEN A COMPLEX SYSTEMS INTEGRATION PROJECT COMES IN RIGHT ON SCHEDULE. WHEN IT DELIVERS ALMOST TO THE DAY OF A DEADLINE SET FIVE YEARS EARLIER, IT'S EXTRAORDINARY.

BUT THAT'S THE LEVEL OF COMMITMENT JENANNE MURPHY, HITC PROGRAM MANAGER, AND HER TEAM DELIVER EVERY DAY. AND IT'S PEOPLE LIKE JENANNE THAT ARE BUILDING HUGHES INFORMATION TECHNOLOGY COMPANY INTO A UNIQUE ORGANIZATION. ONE THAT DRAWS UPON THE BEST RESOURCES FROM ACROSS THE ENTIRE HUGHES FAMILY, APPLYING TECHNOLOGY IN NEW WAYS TO SOLVE ESPECIALLY COMPLEX AND CHALLENGING PROBLEMS. AND FOR PEOPLE LIKE JENANNE, THE BIGGER AND MORE COMPLEX THE PROBLEMS ARE, THE BETTER.

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